JOHN BULL

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

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"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER*"

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The War Office.

It may be that by the time these lines are read, Mr. Lloyd George will have assumed control of the War Office—and it *may* be otherwise. *In any case*, there is trouble ahead.

A Tottenham "Spur."

If the recent demonstration in Tottenham against official indifference to the Alien peril does not wake the Government up, nothing will do it. A huge hall packed like sardines, with an overflow meeting of two thousand people—such was the gathering which, supported by Sir Richard Cooper, M.P., we had the privilege of presiding over last week. *But where was Percy Alden, the local M.P.?*

More Blundering?

Is it true that on the occasion of Lord Kitchener's departure from London, on his last fateful journey, the Foreign Office sent important despatches for him to London Bridge Station instead of to King's Cross?

"Official."

Who was the Minister of the Crown who, at a recent conference with London Editors, assured them that the casualties, on both sides, at Verdun were "very slight"?

Cocoa.

"So the new Duty is to be reduced already! But did you ever hear such an "explanation"? The tax was reduced "on account of the large purchases required for the Army"! Who pays for these purchases? The Treasury. And who gets the tax? The Treasury! Oh, these dull M.P.s!

A Financial "Duke of York."

Mr. McKenna is rapidly qualifying for this title—after the famous warrior who led his men up a hill and then led them down again. First one tax, and then another, comes and goes—with the result that we get a weekly edition of the Budget.

Slighted Parliament.

No wonder Members are slighted and ignored by the Government. Not one of them has yet asked why the House was allowed to separate at Whitsun in ignorance of the North Sea battle!

Oracular!

What did Lord Rosebery mean when he said that Lord Kitchener "could not have died at a better juncture for himself, *for we cannot tell what to-morrow may bring forth*"? Perhaps his lordship will oblige.

Ireland.

All is *not* well with Ireland.

A Whitewashing Committee.

We are not at all impressed with th
Inquiry Committee towards the crit

The Dardanelles Papers.

Interest is increasing, in political circles, as the time for "laying" these papers approaches; and nobody awaits their publication with more composure than Mr. Churchill—whose vindication they may do much to establish. At any rate, it will always count to him for righteousness that when war broke out he had the Fleet ready, in the right place.

"Coming Events——"

JOHN BULL, June 17th.—"Birthday Honours: Various readers ask, 'Where is Beatty? Where is Jellicoe? Where are the other Navy boys?' We suppose we must wait till after the war, when, if they are still alive, they will doubtless be duly remembered."

Extract from *London Gazette*, June 20th.

"The King has been graciously pleased to make the following promotions in the Royal Victorian Order:—Knight Grand Cross: Admiral Sir Rushworth Jellicoe. Knight Commander: Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty."

Pally.

One of our readers recently addressed a letter to the *Yorkshire Post*, and received the following reply from the Editor: "It is against my rule to publish any quotations from JOHN BULL. If you will cut out that reference, I see no reason why your letter should not appear." Thank you, dear brother. *What* a game it is!

A Friend Revisited.

Passing through Stratford-on-Avon the other day, we stopped to pay our respects to Miss Marie Corelli, whom we had not met for several years. We found her, younger and more vivacious than ever, revelling in the peace of her lovely Shakespearean home, but burning with indignation at what she, like ourselves, regards as the betrayal of Lord Kitchener—in whose death she declines to believe—and we captured from her writing desk the remarkable article appearing elsewhere in this issue.

"Nothing New Under the Sun."

By the way, we noticed Marie Corelli's clocks were all "Old Time," and upon calling her attention to the fact she remarked, "I take my time from the Sun and not from any Act of Parliament."

As he Is?

We have just seen an early copy of Mr. Raymond Blathwayt's book—"Horatio Bottomley—the Man as he is To-day." Next week we must review it.

If you'd rather, otherwise you'll sign our Free War Insurance Coupon on page iii of cover.

…al" Aliens.

…course the *Daily Chronicle* is very annoyed at what it terms the "silly and shabby agitation" against the Unseen Hand. To say anything in disfavour of naturalised aliens is "blind prejudice," for they are, most of them, "every bit as loyal as the native born." That bunkum and balderdash is printed in an editorial "leader," and expresses the firm opinion of the journal. It is pro-Germanism in big …e, and none but a "native born" idiot will agree with it.

…ng Salvation.

…r the Salvation Army is lost to all sense of decency …ffering from a severe dose of delirium, when it per…rinting and distribution of a handbill headed, in …g letters: "SAD BUSINESS.—*Death is Coming* …" It is wanton cruelty to ram that disgraceful …etter-boxes of mothers with sons at the front, …h absent husbands. It is worse than cruel …upon the home of a soldier, one of whose …shed in the great sea battle, and whose …unded for the second time. It is not "…e of it.

These Bank Balances!

By the way, we understand that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is still "making inquiries"—presumably of the bankers themselves!—about these dormant balances and unclaimed securities. Why doesn't he inquire of *us*? Here is the latest case to come under our notice: Salop and Welshpool Savings Bank, a small though perfectly sound concern, possesses dormant accounts—some going as far back as 1825—amounting to over £4,000, an old orange woman, long since dead, still having £250 standing in her name. If a little Savings Bank holds £4,000 unclaimed, what must the dormant balances in the other banks, big and little, amount to?

Huns on the Farm.

Man is apt to err, and Lord Newton seems to have a special aptitude. He is quite surprised because farmers are disinclined to receive with joy his proposal that alien prisoners should be employed on the land, the farmers being asked only to see that the aliens report themselves to the police now and then. If Lord Newton proposed to employ the prisoners in gangs, making or repairing roads, working in quarries, or digging, with sentries set over them, the scheme would be universally approved. But to give the Huns actual freedom, letting them run loose on the farms and in the country, to insult and to plot, is an intolerable suggestion, and the farmers are right in saying no with a capital N.

Rothschild's Wrath.

How thoughtless of Tring District Council! Bearing in mind national necessities, they passed a resolution asking the Government to exercise greater supervision over enemy aliens, and nearly every right-minded person in the land will hold them justified. Much to the Council's astonishment, two of their own members have objected, and resigned, one being absent when the resolution was carried. The principal of these protesters is Lord-Rothschild; the other is his agent, who happened, also, to be Chairman of the Council. It seems that their reason for resigning is the fact that Lord Rothschild's mother, Lady Rothschild, is of German parentage, she belonging to the Frankfort branch of the family. It is a matter of astonishment that the Rothschilds should be so badly advised as to object to that resolution by the Council. Probably not one person in the land has ever for a single moment cast the slightest doubt upon their loyalty. Why should they, by this foolish step, provoke discussion?

Exemptions by Wholesale.

The Tribunal at Crediton put to its credit something verging on a record. It sat for less than an hour, heard 25 applications, and settled them all by granting some kind of exemption in each and every case. It is computed that the amount of relief in the shape of exemption totalled 10 years and 11 months. To cap this court comedy, a gardener, for whom two months' postponement was asked, was awarded four months' exemption, whether he wanted it or not.

New Ranks for Old.

To judge by a couple of our contemporaries, Sir John Jellicoe has earned, as the result of the North Sea Battle, either promotion—or something directly contrary. The *Manchester City News* gravely declares that "the Grand Fleet, under *General* Jellicoe, was not in action at all"—a statement that errs in more than one particular; and the *Guardian*, of Bournemouth, puts it on record that the Germans fled in disorder "on the approach of *Alderman* Jellicoe." Of course, Sir John *may* be a Bournemouth alderman.

Dropping the Subject.

A good Scotsman of Glasgow, the Rev. Mr. Hay, moved at the Glasgow School Board that three German teachers in their employ should be asked to resign. Rightly said he that no apology was necessary for his motion; stoutly said he that the slackness of the authorities in the matter was criminal neglect. But the other members, with wool in their ears and water on their brains, sat stolidly stupid, and there was never a one with sense enough to second the proposition of good Mr. Hay; and so the subject dropped. "Let Glasgow Flourish," by all means, but at that rate it never will.

More "War Babies."

"Where are the Boys of the Old Brigade?" They are in the ranks, "shoulder to shoulder, steady and strong, marching along!" We have told of one bunch of gallant old men. Here are more. The Guard mounted at Mayfield Station, Manchester, consisting of men of the K.S.L.I., numbered six the other morning. Their ages totalled up to 350 years, the oldest being 63, and the youngest a chicken of 55. At the camp at Georgetown, by Paisley, seven men muster 427 years between them. They are all long service "swaddies," doing heavy duty, with one night a week in bed. From Chatham comes intimation of three officers who rejoined when the National Reserve was called up. This was in 1914, and their three ages, added together, *then* made 176. All had served before, and all are serving now. The Conscientious Cowards, if they have any sense of shame, should blush when their grandfathers fight for them.

Leicester's Shame.

Under the heading, "Leicester's Shame," a local newspaper says some severe things anent the Leicester branch of the Socialist Labour Society, speaking of "secret sedition" and of aid rendered to deserters and "C.O.s." It, says the writer of this outspoken article, is "a veritable hotbed of sedition and a disgrace to the town. It has harboured, and is at the present moment helping, single men bent on evading the Military Service Act." Our contemporary goes fully into details and winds up with, "There should be no room in this great loyal town for such traitors and shirkers." Let it be admitted that the Secretary has written a letter of denial, stating "We are not a seditious body," and that "the assertion that we 'celebrated' the death of Kitchener is worthy of Ananias." He announces an address by a deportee from the Clyde, when "the minions of the law" will be present. Such an expression does not help his protest, and we await developments.

The Pen that lasts a lifetime—the "John Bull" Per…

A Teuton Twain.

For more than a year Falkirk has been trying to purge itself of a German who is foreman at a big iron works. There is also a German schoolmaster whom the townspeople would prefer to see the back of—but, despite the efforts of the people and a most plain-speaking local press—neither gentleman looks like being dislodged. Falkirk is asking, who is the person in high place shielding the twain?

The Lazy War Worker.

Quaint indeed are the notions of some folk concerning war work. Listen to this advertisement from a Newcastle paper: "Lady wishes to go as farm pupil, chiefly dairy and sheep, in North of England; young society; good hunting." Any farmer prepared to throw in bridge parties, facilities for flirtation, dances, golf, and theatres might secure the lady's very valuable services for a day or two—till she felt tired. But she is only one of the weeds.

The Rents Act.

We are more than a little suspicious of the frequency with which landlords, applying for Ejectment Orders, have lately advanced the plea that the premises are required "for their personal occupation." This is one of the loop-holes provided by the Rents Act; but it is the clear duty of Magistrates to satisfy themselves that statements of this sort are tendered honestly and in good faith. Where the landlord is well off and the cottage a small one, a contrary presumption arises.

Breaking it Gently.

Written on the back of a religious tract is a quaint message that comes to us. The paper was placed in an air-tight tobacco tin, and the tin was taken from the sea at Thames Haven on May 27th. This is the message: "If this should be found on England Shores please read and forward On and please let me know at Lowestoffest—am now on the way to England as a prisoner and very pleased to be from this war. A 20 years Lowstoffest German." The good folk of Lowestoft, if they have missed a German long resident among them, may be interested in learning that he is coming back, like a bad penny, to the shores he desecrated for 20 years.

A Bad Mark.

Bedfordshire has such a fine war record that we are sorry to find the suspicion of a blot on its 'scutcheon. It is the village of Old Warden, where, it is alleged, the inhabitants are grossly mean and uncivil towards soldiers. "If you ask meekly at the door for permission to buy a cup of tea and some bread and butter, they often slam it in your face. The same thing happens if you try to hire stabling from them. Of all the towns we have been billeted in, Old Warden is the limit." Those words are written "on behalf of the men" by one who has experienced the incivilities complained of. Old Warden is old enough to know better than to insult the wardens of the nation's security.

Ford as Briton.

An advertisement in a Bulawayo newspaper states that the South African Government has bought 100 Ford cars for the campaign in German East Africa. If it is a fact, it is one to be sincerely deplored; the S.A. Defence Department has set an example that we hope will not be copied. The advertisement further announces: "The Ford is a British car, built in Canada, with British capital by British labour." At this astounding piece of Fordesque denationalisation, we shall expect soon to hear that Henry Ford is a British subject with British sympathies, and that his desire to see British Commissioners chased from the States was only an example of his British love for his fellow Britons.

Some Sense.

Apropos of the question of reprisals for German outrages on sea and land, the following item of Cromwellian wisdom is excellently in point: "In war," said the Great Protector "it is necessary to return upon any side all the violent things that any one side does to the other, and this for the preventing of greater mischief and for bringing men to fair war." "Wanted, a Cromwell!"

Prodigal Plymouth.

Plymouth's idea of war-time economy is a proposal to spend £1,800 on fixing up a new Mayor's Parlour at the Guildhall. It is not a timely object-lesson to set before ratepayers, some of whom might very much like to decorate and re-furnish their own front parlour, or back, did not thrift forbid and rates and taxes. The Mayor's present apartments ought to be enough to rub along with, and should accommodate a sit-round by his Worship and brethren, whether for council, confla... Why languish after luxury just now?

Not a Word!

Thus a reader: "On Saturday the 15th I thought I would take a week-end at Folkestone. I left C. X. by the 1.48 and about half-way we were sidetracked and a two-car 'special' flashed past. At the next station a stranger got in and informed us we were held up because General Joffre had just gone by. I could not help wondering *how he knew*. We arrived at Folkestone, a large crowd was gathered at the end of the pier, and quite a number had glasses and were scanning the Channel. I asked what was up, and with a tone of scorn was told, as if I ought to have known: 'Why, don't you know? General Joffre is on the boat that's the one with the grey funnel.' I turned away in disgust and thought of our own beloved K. of K." Just so.

Adventures in London.

Sham... Swimmer is full of years and full of pluck. An old soldier, in his 80th year, he walked from Bristol to London, to cheer up the new soldiers. In Hyde Park and on Hampstead Heath he sang to the boys, and recited to them a poem of his own composition—a really creditable effort, as this sample verse will prove: "He who died quick with his face to the foe, In the heart of the fray must needs die slow; Over his grave shall be heard the call—The battle is won by the men that fall!" Well, the poetic veteran was "run in" for distributing his poem. He was wearing a khaki jacket, and he complains because the Magistrate took it away and gave him a coat of another colour. However, he was discharged, and is happily home again at Bristol, with a new khaki coat, and still cheering the boys. Even old age cannot daunt a British Tommy!

The Whip Hand.

Here is a short story. At Enniskillen, John White was summoned for assaulting a boy of 14, named Taylor. A man named Dolan was also summoned, for a similar reason. The boy said on oath: "White gave me a knock across the head with a whip. I started to run, but White tripped me, or knocked me down, and when I was on the ground White thrashed me with a whip about the face and body. I made to run out of the field, but Dolan hit me and knocked me down. White again came up, said 'Let one at him,' and struck me again several times with the whip." That is the story, a tale of violence because a lad was said to be trespassing in a field. There was a sequel—yes; the sentence of the Bench. The reader may have visions of "A month? Seven days? Five pounds?" Wrong, all wrong. "White was fined 7s. 6d. and costs, the other cases were dismissed." It leaves us breathless.

...your wife by buying her "Everywoman's."

Glasgow's Dereliction.

An unconvincing reason was offered by the magnates of Glasgow for not holding a Kitchener Memorial Service. It was thought that, as services were being held in London and in Edinburgh, one in Glasgow was not "necessary." But, if not strictly "necessary," it was surely desirable. It is poor religion when a city neglects its duties because other cities fulfil theirs.

It Over?

At the Dominican Church, Dominick Street, Dublin, Requiem Mass was said for the soul of one J. J. Heuston, who was shot for participation in the recent rebellion. Before the building a large crowd had assembled, and as relatives of the deceased made their appearance they were loudly cheered. Members of the crowd sang verses of "Revolution Once Again" and "Who Fears to Speak of '98," and many of them were wearing republican badges. Police were present.

The news of the resignation of Herr E. Büchner, the German bandmaster to the Viceroy of India, is confirmed; but for some reason or other the happy event is postponed until October 1st, and for three months longer the ex-Army bandsmen who make music for the Viceroy are to be "conducted" and commanded by a German. It is an extraordinary situation, which ought never to have arisen; but Lord Chelmsford has, at any rate, shown a nicer sense of the fitness of things than his predecessor in office.

Out of Bounds.

We are reminded that when a soldier is told by a publican that "soldiers cannot be served here," it is not often the fault of Boniface, who would be glad and proud to serve them, but it is because the Provost Marshal has put the house "out of bounds." In a certain village there is one "public"; it is out of bounds for some fantastic reason. Anzacs quartered near a correspondent fail to understand matters, for they cannot be served even with a cup of tea. The village is "dry" to a soldier in the literal sense of the word, and we cannot wonder at the men's anger. Considering what they will have to face soon, it is cruel to deny them a tankard when they fancy one.

Boche Barbers.

An Englishman, walking in the City of London, desired to have his chin sheared. He passed gingerly but relentlessly two establishments that looked foreign and suspect, but the third appeared all serene, so he entered and submitted himself to the lathering process by a fellow-countryman. Then, to his horror, up came the man with the razor—a horrid Hun! Our friend uses forcible language in telling us this experience, but we heartily forgive him, for he is only just home from Ruhleben, whence the Germhuns, not able to kill him completely, have returned him in bad health. To obviate a trap of this kind by alien barbers, he suggests the Hairdressers' Society should get all genuine British shops to display a sign, "All British."

Still at Large.

We are well aware that Britain has always been a lovely country for a Germhun to live in, but why is the late Germhun Consul in Liverpool still walking about the city, as free of official molestation as if he were a Briton born? For the same reason, of course, as thousands of other Germhuns are at large in this country. Ministers haven't enough pluck for their duty.

Britons Barred.

Somebody, advertising in a trade journal, desires a traveller to sell eggs in the South of England, and stipulates emphatically that the man must be—a Dane. The advertisers, whose sympathies are so un-British, state themselves to be a "large, well-known firm," but they hide their identity as though ashamed of their action. We are sorry, therefore, not to be able to name them, or we would willingly grant them full and free advertisement.

A Strange Situation.

A medical correspondent takes exception to the official statement that civil doctors engaged in examining recruits are "paid so much a head." On the contrary, after four months of personal experience, he is moved to inquire, "Have they been paid at all?" Speaking for himself and for several others, our friend assures us that they have not yet seen the colour of the Government's money, and, although "no one has said a word," an uneasy feeling prevails. What's the official excuse?

Ireland and Germany.

That many Irishmen in America are hand in glove with Germany is an accepted fact. If proof were needed, an extract from a San Francisco newspaper supplies it to the full: "More than 5,000 sons and daughters of Erin stood and cheered when the picture of the Kaiser was thrown upon a huge screen. The 300 German singers composing the Pacific Saengerbund sang 'Die Wacht am Rhein,' and the Irishmen joined in and sang the German national anthem with fervour." The Irish brogue mingling with the German accent suggests humour, but it turns to sadness when one wonders what sort of liberty or freedom deluded Erin could expect from Kaiserdom.

New Hospital's Need.

An immense new War Hospital for the wounded has just been opened at Napsbury, near St. Albans. Being new, it is as yet unprovided with "extras" for the diversion and comfort of sufferers. This, therefore, is to give notice that the need is felt for old or new cricket bats, stumps, balls; tennis racquets, nets, poles, balls; croquet mallets, balls, hoops; bowls, quoits, footballs, draughts and boards, chessmen, dominoes, cards, bagatelle boards and cues, gramophones and records, magazines, illustrated papers—and money. All ye that have the wherewithal and the needful, roll ye up and give. The men have given much for you!

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"Sunderland Daily Echo" (advertisement):—
"Wanted, a strong Young Woman, with some experience in TRIPE REPAIRING."

"Liverpool Echo" (advertisement):—
"Young Man requires lodgings . . . at £1 2s.; WOULD BE KIND TO SUITABLE LADY."

"Northampton Daily Chronicle (advertisement):—
"Wanted, good NAVIES. SEVERAL MONTHS' WORK. 7d.—Apply ——."

"Glasgow Citizen" (advertisement):—
"Widow has comfortable parlour, SHARE WITH ENGINEER."

"Northern Whig" (Book Review):—
"Eight of the stories . . . use the rather obvious device of displaying the SOFT HEART THAT BEATS BEHIND THE KILT of the MacWaugh."

"Bury Times":—
"Audrey Tressillian's dim eyes (were) raised to Deborah's small, pale TEA-STAINED face."

"Somerset and West of England Advertiser (advt.):—
"Wanted, capable Handy Man . . . one who can run CHICKEN ENGINE preferred."

"Ipswich Evening Star [illegible]cement):—
"Wanted, A GOOD

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To Her Majesty Queen Alexandra.

DEAR QUEEN-MOTHER,—Last week, on the day appointed, it was "Roses, roses all the way" for honour and love of you; and once more I am impelled to add my tribute of respect to the acclamation of a loyal people. Your place in our hearts was never surer than in these days of sorrow; for you, too, have suffered the bitterness of a great loss—and for the nations of the Empire you are the embodiment of memories which have passed into the common heritage of our race. From the first we were willing captives to the charm of your sweet womanliness; and to-day—and to the end—we are all your own. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Sir Edward Grey, M.P.

DEAR SIR EDWARD,—It is a matter for satisfaction that, after many months of futile negotiation, the Allied diplomacy has at length scored a signal success in the Balkans; and in so far as you have been responsible for a more vigorous policy at Athens, I tender you my warm congratulations. Had a firmer line been taken from the outset of the war, the Balkan situation might have been far more favourable to the Allied Powers than it is to-day; but I am ready to assume that you have profited by past errors, and that for the future "deeds, not words" is to be the keynote of British policy abroad. In regard to Greece, the new departure has been handsomely justified. Keep it up. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. J. M. Robertson, M.P., Chairman Food Prices Committee.

SIR,—For reasons that have seemed good to the "Board of Trade"—perhaps on account of your passionate love of figures—you have been appointed Chairman of this important Committee; and, although you are not quite the man I should have picked for the job, I can only hope that you will justify the compliment paid you. But please understand that the country is about tired of the half-hearted manner in which the Government have hitherto handled the problem. That many unprincipled persons are making rich profits out of the necessities of a nation at war has been proved beyond question It is the task of your Committee to drag these scandals into the light of day. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lichfield.

DEAR BISH.—What funny folk some of you prelates are! At St. Paul's Cathedral you went so far as to announce your belief that "the war was God's punishment on a Europe that had cherished the war spirit in its national life"; while, almost before I had recovered from the shock of this august admonition, along came his Grace of London with an official intimation that "to talk about the war being a punishment for our sins" was "to offend the conscience of the average man." I would scorn to suggest that you, my Lord, were an "average man"—I hope you are not even an average Bishop; but, in any case, you are clearly at loggerheads with my friend Dr. Ingram, who, if I mistake not, has given considerable study to this bewitching problem. Is it possible that you may be out in your theological reckoning by the fraction of a point? JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. Mr. Justice Bailhache, Air Inquiry.

MY DEAR JUDGE,—May I venture to suggest that whilst sitting on this Inquiry you endeavour to throw off your *nisi prius* prejudices and traditions, and realise that the function of the Committee is not so much to sift "evidence"—as a lawyer understands the word—as to obtain material for ascertaining the truth respecting the Air Service? From many of the questions put by you to "witnesses"—a word I strongly object to in such a connection—one would almost think that they were on their trial on a criminal charge, instead of being public-spirited citizens, desirous of helping their country in its hour of trial. And what, after all, are you, as a lawyer, doing on the Air Committee, anyway?

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. W. M. Hughes, Prime Minister of Australia.

DEAR MR. HUGHES,—It was not to be expected that your visit to this country should be indefinitely prolonged; but in the short period of your stay with us you have won for yourself a supreme place in the counsels of the Empire, and rendered incalculable service to the cause of the Allies. We shall miss your tonic speeches, which have been compact of practical wisdom and instinct with lofty patriotism and moral fervour; but though you leave us for a while, your influence remains to hearten and inspire. Some day you will be back again, to take a hand in the final settlement. So *au revoir* and not "good-bye."

JOHN BULL.

To Arthur Fell, Esq., M.P., House of Commons, S.W.

DEAR MR. FELL,—Following upon my recent suggestion that our failure to build the Channel Tunnel was a "colossal blunder," you are to bring forward a motion upon the matter in the House of Commons, with the terms of which I am in warm agreement. The past is irretrievable, but the future is long; and I commend to his Majesty's Government your very proper demand that "the final plans may be prepared and the powers obtained to proceed with the work so soon as the war is over and the necessary labour available." I do not forget your consistent advocacy of the Tunnel scheme, and I trust that at last you may witness the fruition of your labours. JOHN BULL.

To George Wardle, Esq., M.P.

DEAR MR. WARDLE,—Of all the tributes to Lord Kitchener yours is the one which his friends will, I am sure, value most. You stated, in a phrase, the reason why the working men trusted him—"He never did anything crooked," his word was never questioned. Yes, that was what made "K. of K." such a power in the land. Of how many of the politicians with whom he was compelled to spend the last two years of his life could it be said that they "never did anything crooked," and that nothing they said was ever questioned? There would never have been any trouble with Labour if all the dealings had been left to Lord Kitchener. It was the meddlesome politicians who by their interference caused trouble, and at one time nearly produced a national crisis. "He never did anything crooked"—that might well be his epitaph. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. T. Dent, British Chaplain, Libau, Russia.

DEAR CHAPLAIN,—You seem to be a parson after my own heart. When, early last year, the port of Libau was occupied by the Huns, you were forbidden to continue your English services, except on condition that you should pray for the Kaiser. To this insolent demand you returned a blank refusal; perhaps you had no "sacred memories" of the Butcher of Berlin. However, your bold patriotic stand cost you a period of internment—cheerfully undergone for love of Britain; the latest news being that you have been set at liberty, and have arrived in England, none the worse for your adventures. I raise my hat to you.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Viscount Chaplin.

MY LORD,—Now that I have set out your new title it doesn't seem quite *you*; and I fancy it is as "Henry Chaplin" you will always be known—especially by those who in "another place" were privileged to call you "friend." However, your "elevation" has been richly earned, and I am heartily glad that you are sufficiently restored in health to take your place in the Upper House, where your ripe experience and practical wisdom, guided by sterling honesty of purpose, will for many years, I hope, be at the service of the State.

JOHN BULL.

THE "ECONOMY" FARCE.

LET THE RICH SET THE EXAMPLE IN WAR SAVINGS.

By Marie Corelli.

We are told that in these war times we must "economise"; we must do without luxuries; we must cut down expenses, and save all we possibly can—not only to help in the carrying on of the war to a victorious finish, but also in the event of possible pinching days to come. This is sound and wise advice on the part of our parental Government, but how is it followed? The very poor are economising, because they must; but the rich? As a plain matter of fact London never gave itself over to a wilder, wickeder orgy of folly, fashion, reckless extravagance and easy morality than at the present moment. With battle, murder and sudden death in the very air, never were the expensive restaurants more crowded; never was more money wasted on needless delicacies of food—and never was there a more absurd and fantastical riot of outlandish and immodest clothing among women than may be seen at any "smart set" gathering held for such "charity" as truly "covers a multitude of sins." It is bewildering and amusing; but there is something terrible about it, too! Terrible—because the eating, drinking, dancing, gambling section of London society strikes a sharply discordant note against the fighting, bleeding, tortured, suffocating, dying thousands of human beings who, but a short distance away across Channel, are being slaughtered—while London laughs!

The Spirit of Recklessness.

At a certain restaurant the other day, where the dinner (without wine) was twelve-and-six a head, there was a huge "crush" of people waiting for tables—people talking at the top of their voices, laughing—indeed almost screaming—with mirth; and one was irresistibly reminded of a weird story of the French Revolution of 1793. The story was that of a drunken woman who, when the guillotine was severing heads by the dozen, filled a cup with the blood trickling from the scaffold, and with a burst of maniacal laughter, drank it "To the health of Citizen Death!" London life, as seen to-day in the whirl of the Savoy dances, the Ritz lunches, the Carlton dinners, and Ciro's suppers, seems to represent that woman's attitude in its madness and hysteria. "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die!" are words that seem to ring in every laugh, and write themselves on Fashion's painted face and ridiculous headgear. Let no one imagine that Society is choosing less expensive food or less costly wearing apparel. On the contrary, the "war-time prices" are, to put it in American parlance, "all bunkum"! The more absurdly high-priced the gown, the more quickly it is sold. No thought, no feeling is wasted on "economy," except among those who are already by nature and inclination parsimonious.

"Riotous Living."

It is pure nonsense to go about the country preaching economy while such extravagance and "riotous living" are tolerated in London. True economy is never vaunted; but it can be privately practised in a thousand ways—by women especially—if women choose. But from what one sees of them gadding about in London the war makes no difference to them; even the "war widow" is quite a gamesome person, fluttering about like a giddy moth on carefully-arranged black gauze wings! Her husband may have been shot dead but a month ago,—and she bears the bereavement with "charm" and is not inconsolable! Sentiment is an "old-fashioned" thing—besides, how very foolish it is to dwell on painful memories!

"Economy" in Clothes.

A friend, anxious to purchase, as she explained, "something simple and serviceable" for out-of-door wear, went into a well-known establishment which is considered to hold the palm for good taste, and asked to see some costumes. She was shown several; and the young women *mannequins* paraded before her, wearing different styles for her selection. They were all inconceivably hideous and grotesque, and the intending purchaser, distressed at the appalling "creations" she was expected to admire, tried to consider with favour one a little less outrageous than the others. It was made of very ordinary material, such as could have been bought anywhere for three or four shillings a yard.

"What is the price of this?" she asked, falteringly.

"That is a *charming* model, is it not, Moddom? *So* dainty! And quite inexpensive! Only twenty-five guineas."

"Moddom" was too sensible even to look at it again. At the very most the thing was not worth more than five pounds; but the above small incident is a fair example of the prices asked (and obtained) in the costumier's establishments every day during the public exercise of "economy." Women give three, four, and five guineas for a hat which is worth about a sovereign, and the same spirit of blind extravagance runs through the whole gamut of spending.

The Law of Retribution.

Mr. Lloyd George asserts in his bravest manner that "we are out to win this war." Yes; we are out to win if we are worthy. But some of us are unable to forget that there are other powers than those of men and ministers; other powers than the force of battle—other laws than such as we in our arrogance consider shall suffice for our needs. There is the Divine Law working behind everything—a Law immutable, which will not and cannot defend or save anything which is evil. Should there be a cancer in the body of a nation, that Law will see to it that the cancer is cut out or the nation destroyed, whether by fire or deluge matters little to the Supreme Ordinance "if the earth is corrupt before God, and filled with violence." But, is it so? Let the nations themselves answer! If the author of "Degenerate Germany" is an honest writer, then Germany is ready for a rain of fire from heaven! But she is not the only "corrupt" nation. We may, if we choose, shut our eyes to our own faults, and, like the ostrich, plunge our heads in sand to avoid seeing the storm—but the storm is bound to sweep over us all the same, and though we are "out to win the war," it is not yet won. Of self-sacrifice we hear much; but that virtue is practised more by the men in the trenches than by any of ourselves at home, for whose defence they are fighting. Do we deserve that heroes should give us their lives? Without parsimony, without prudery, without hypocrisy, need London give a lead to mere licence? If things go on as they are, the days will come when modesty will be merely a memory of the past, and the charm, grace and mystery of womanhood will be gone for ever! Should we not "economise" on these expenditures and guard the national treasures more jealously? We are wasting more than money, and spending such substance as can never be regained; for the valuable possessions of life slip away from our grasp almost unwittingly, and we find ourselves bankrupt before we can realise what we have lost.

THE MYSTERY DEEPENS.

WHO DID BETRAY LORD KITCHENER?—OFFICIAL SHUFFLING.

BY CHARLES PALMER (*Late Editor of "The Globe"*).

THERE is the mystery of his death and the mystery which attended those last months of his office as Secretary for War which, for the honour of his memory and the safety of the State must be cleared up. Those who hold Lord Kitchener in affectionate remembrance must insist, in the words of Sir George Reid, that an inquiry—a full and searching inquiry—shall be made into the circumstances attending the irreparable loss the country has sustained. It is curious, and in no sense creditable, that the Government should be content to gloss over the tragedy and to cover up the mystery in a cloud of rhetorical eulogy. But as the ex-Australian Premier said in the House, "His end was so sudden, tragical, and mysterious—so mysterious that at some later opportunity there must be a thorough investigation of the circumstances which surrounded what the Prime Minister justly described as an irreparable disaster." Instead of delaying that inquiry, those of us who detect the ruthless, if hidden, hand in all this want the inquiry now. What can be urged against it? Why leave until the end of the war a searching investigation that may well lead to revelations which will open the eyes of the nation to the danger in our midst? In Parliament a demand has been made for a Court Martial on the loss of the cruiser which carried Lord Kitchener to his doom. Why should that be denied when the Admiralty is compelled to admit its ignorance on essential points, and is content to present to the House of Commons the most meagre and unconvincing information? No one is satisfied regarding the absence of those unnamed destroyers at the time of disaster. Anyone would think that Lord Kitchener, instead of being an irreparable loss, was a good riddance. *Does* anyone think so? Yes, the mystery deepens.

Secrets of the Sea.

The Government can be ready enough with an inquiry—yes, and a "judicial" inquiry—when they wish to serve their own interests. Well, let the House of Commons insist upon an immediate investigation into the loss of the *Hampshire* and the death of Lord Kitchener. It is quite evident the Admiralty needs a good deal more enlightenment if the answers given in Parliament represent the sum total of official information—which I doubt. On what evidence has the Admiralty come to the conclusion that the *Hampshire* struck a mine? That is a pertinent question, yet a straightforward reply is lacking. What evidence? None is offered, but we are told "the evidence" is the "considered conclusion" of the Commander-in-Chief. The only evidence comes from the survivors, and they are not agreed that a mine was struck! As usual, official information stops just when pertinent questions call for an answer. The Admiralty have nothing to say about that vessel flying the Dutch flag which was suspiciously near the spot where the *Hampshire* sank. The Admiralty is silent as to whether the precaution was taken of sweeping the sea for mines before the *Hampshire*, with its precious lives, put forth to its destruction. No attempt is made to account for the fact that the unnamed destroyers turned back because it was rough, and yet put out to sea again when the *Hampshire* foundered. How was it they could not live in the sea at 7 o'clock, and yet an hour later they could go out again? Had there occurred some miraculous calm in the interval? Oh dear, no. A great deal is made of the fact that the *Hampshire* was sunk in a violent storm. This question of the change, if any, in the weather is of supreme importance in judging of the conduct of those mysterious unnamed destroyers. Yet the representative of the Admiralty in Parliament confessed complete ignorance. I repeat that the loss of the *Hampshire* is a disaster calling for full and open inquiry. The nation is gravely dissatisfied and suspicious. It has a right to know all there is to be known of the circumstances connected with the death of the great soldier. Why this mystery?

Mr. Lloyd George's Praise.

Moreover, the mystery of those envenomed attacks on Lord Kitchener's competence and ability to carry out the duties of the high office which we, who trusted and admired him, knew he performed with such brilliant success, is deepened by all that is now being said in his praise. The very persons who in private denounced him living, now praise him dead. Oh, the bitter mockery of it all! Who has not heard that Lord Kitchener was responsible for a grievous and fatal shortage of shell? Ask the friends of ministers who helped to create that atmosphere of prejudice and suspicion wherewith to "poison gas" the People's hero, how they reconcile obituary eulogy with those cruel personal attacks with which he was pursued while he lived. What happened to induce the politicians so suddenly to adopt so different and so critical an attitude towards Lord Kitchener? When were "incompetence" and "stupidity"—those were the kind of terms used against the man we mourn—discovered, and "genius," "great soldier," "great organiser" and "splendid patriot" put out of business? Mr. Lloyd George is credited with being the chief critic of "K. of K." in the Cabinet. He, we are told, was patriotically keen to get rid of the soldier at the War Office, and so were all his colleagues. Yet I recall that in the Spring of last year there was a hot passage at arms between Mr. Long and Mr. Tennant, when the Under-Secretary accused his present colleague of criticising Lord Kitchener in a way likely to "encourage the enemy." And I remember that at a later date Mr. Lloyd George got up in Parliament, eulogised the War Secretary, paid a tribute to the "marvellous work" he had accomplished in eight months, and defended him from this very charge of shell shortage! Yet six months later Lord Kitchener had all the mean dogs of politics barking at his heels!

The Truth His Epitaph.

And what about high explosives? There, again, the lies which were spread abroad to discredit the great man have been silenced by death, and the Truth becomes his epitaph. We were all assured during those months of calumny and belittlement that Lord French was at daggers drawn with his Chief because his demands were ignored—*he could not even get answers to his letters!* Oh, the liars! Listen to this—spoken by Lord French over, as it were, the body of the dead hero: "As Commander-in-Chief of the Army in France, my relations with Lord Kitchener were constant, and I am anxious to place on record that *no effort was ever spared by him to supply all my demands.* Nothing ever shook my confidence in his will, power, and ability, to meet the heavy demands I had to make upon him." Yes, the mystery does indeed deepen. The mystery of his death must be cleared up if it is humanly possible to do so. There we have the last, the fatal, betrayal. But the plot to betray him—to sacrifice him to personal bitterness and political intrigue—will also have to be exposed by those who love and honour his memory. A monument in stone is a mockery, when voted by people who did their best to drag him from the pedestal of a People's love and confidence.

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THE SCANDAL OF HIGH PRICES AND SHORT SUPPLIES.

BY OUR SHIPPING EXPERT.

THE inflated prices caused by the "shortage" of meat, the staple food of the British Public, are causing anxiety and trouble throughout the country, and we are inundated with complaints and correspondence on the subject. Yet we challenge all the Experts and Advisory Committees (composed mostly of interested shipowners and others) to dispute the fact that there is no legitimate cause for the shortage and inflated prices—except the muddling and incompetence and favouritism of the various Government Departments and their advisers. The Transport Department (the "University Five") head the list of those responsible.

Who is Responsible?

At the start of the war, and even now, special vessels designed and constructed for the carriage of chilled and frozen meat have been wilfully taken up, partially gutted, and converted into troopships and transports, when hundreds of other vessels—equally suitable and not specially insulated and fitted with refrigerating machinery—could have done the work; and whilst the Transport ignoramuses and their impractical assistants have been using these steamers as transports, and so curtailing the tonnage, the meat works in Australia and New Zealand have been lying packed full, and discharging their killing hands, as there were no means of carrying the meat and so clearing the depots and re-filling them. Next in the list of Government Departments to blame is the "Board of Trade." This body, and its "Advisory Committee"—again composed of men none of whom has the necessary practical knowledge—appoint "experts" who control the working of the vessels. Not one of these men has ever superintended or handled a meat steamer, or understands the meat trade. Vessels are ordered here and there, and time wasted; vessels are laid up as stores, and meat transferred from one ship to another. At one time seven large refrigerated steamers, carrying between them 20,000 tons of meat, were laid up as store vessels at various ports, and were being filled from other vessels, instead of each discharging her meat, then proceeding to load another cargo, and her place being taken by another ship; and two vessels were delayed instead of one. At Boulogne the *Royston Grange* lay as a store, and ships carrying 4,000 tons were sent to discharge into her—whilst 100 yards from where she lay there is a huge warehouse, which, with the facilities at the disposal of the Government, could in four or six months be easily fitted as a refrigerated store, thus releasing the vessels to carry the meat to and fro; but such a business-like arrangement is far too easy for the "advisory" cranks. One vessel, the *La Rosarina*, carrying 4,000 tons of meat, arrived in England at Falmouth on June 13th, 1915, and, after being ordered by the Board of Trade from Channel port to Channel port, arrived at Boulogne on June 17th. She laid at Boulogne—discharging 70 tons a day—until June 29th, and then left with most of her cargo for Avonmouth, arriving July 2nd—then to Cardiff, July 10th, leaving about July 30th for the Plate. Now, had this vessel been properly handled, she could have been back at Buenos Ayres and loaded, ready to bring another 4,000 tons, before she actually left England. This is a sample of what is going on daily.

The Remedy.

This delay can be avoided by building or using stores on shore at all the principal ports of distribution, filling these from the ocean steamers, and refrigerated barges being fitted. It can easily be done, and has been suggested to the War Office—but, being practical and businesslike, the suggestion has been turned down. These stores could be kept filled, and the barges could be towed up the French canals, right close to the Bases, the men kept supplied with plenty of good meat, and the shortage would automatically disappear. As regards the prices, the "Big Five" (the American Meat Trust) seem to do as they like with the British Government. They are Swift, Armour, Morris, *Swarthchild* and *Sultzbergen* (nice names to supply British meat!), and they fix all the prices. The Government have commandeered all Australian and New Zealand meat, and a portion of the Argentine produce. They release a certain amount of the beef and lamb weekly for general consumption, fixing the retail price of lamb and allowing 2d. a pound to be added, thus creating a monopoly. The usual wholesale price of New Zealand lamb at this time of year is 5½d. per lb.—it is now 10½d.; and the Argentine lamb, which is so inferior, is fetching 1s. 1d. per lb. The usual price of Argentine chilled beef is—hinds, 5d.; fores, 4d. per pound. Now it is 11½d. and 10d., and this is solely due to Government muddling and neglect, allowing the American Trusts to monopolise the market. But this is not the greatest scandal—for, having the monopoly, they persecute the little butchers and dole out short supplies as they think fit, allowing some to get all they want, and others—and, of course, the smaller butchers—to get none at all. In consequence, many of these small butchers have had to close their shops. This is the greatest possible injustice, and the sooner the public know how the American Trust are dealing with the meat supply, the better.

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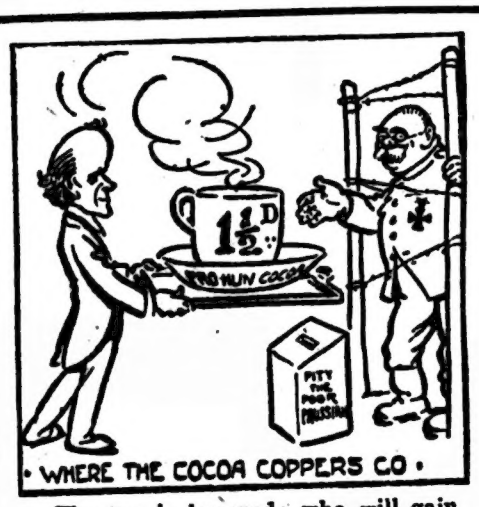
SAUCY SABBATARIANS.

PECKSNIFF AND COMPANY AT IT AGAIN.

It is curious that the crisis of the war should have witnessed a marked recrudescence of Sabbatarian fanaticism. The instigators of the movement have been a good deal encouraged by the decision of a Divisional Court, in December last, that a person buying a few pennyworth of sweets or tobacco on a Sunday may lawfully be convicted of "aiding and abetting" the shopkeeper in an infringement of the Lord's Day Observance Act of 1677; and the Lord's Day Observance Society, with characteristic impudence, are now circularising Magistrates with a copy of Mr. Justice Ridley's judgment in that case, in the hope, no doubt, that a new impetus may be given to proceedings of this kind. We are glad to know that a good many Justices of the Peace have declined to be made parties to this fanatical plot, which in narrow-mindedness and poverty of spirit is akin to the recent effort of a few Nonconformist parsons at Shrewsbury to spoil the sport of the Army Pay Corps Sports Club, where men who all the week—sometimes till nearly midnight—are hard at work in the service of their country, have enjoyed a little harmless recreation on Sunday afternoons. The memorial to the Committee of the Club, in which these bilious parsons have set out their views, is a choice sample of clotted impudence. As our readers are aware, we hold no brief for any religious denomination, but we are glad to notice, and it is fair to state, that no Anglican clergyman has put his name to this offensive document, although several Bishops and other dignitaries of the Establishment appear among the Vice-Presidents of the Lord's Day Observance Society, whose barren Sabbatarianism finds no warrant either in the text of Scripture or the canons of Church.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES, BY THE "BOW-WOW."



The tax is lessened; who will gain
Through prices thus made low?
We sadly fear that, in the main,
'Twill be the hated foe.

Pigs too long have been in clover,
Battening upon our trade;
'Tis time their little game were over—
Pariahs they surely must be made.

The trembling Tino likes to think—
He does not like to act—
Too long he's lingered on the brink;
It's time he kept his pact.

From Sacred Cities bundled out,
The Turk in blank dismay
Beholds the Arab turn to rout
His vaunted troops' array.

The humble penny, or the pound,
Give with ungrudging hand;
No finer outlet will be found
Throughout the whole wide land.

The grave of many statesmen's fame
Yawns for the Welshmen's pride;
But L.G.'s patriotic game
Success won't be denied.

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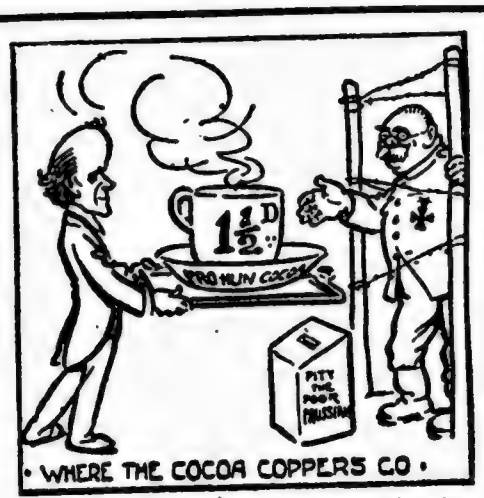
SAUCY SABBATARIANS.

PECKSNIFF AND COMPANY AT IT AGAIN.

It is curious that the crisis of the war should have witnessed a marked recrudescence of Sabbatarian fanaticism. The instigators of the movement have been a good deal encouraged by the decision of a Divisional Court, in December last, that a person buying a few pennyworth of sweets or tobacco on a Sunday may lawfully be convicted of "aiding and abetting" the shopkeeper in an infringement of the Lord's Day Observance Act of 1677; and the Lord's Day Observance Society, with characteristic impudence, are now circularising Magistrates with a copy of Mr. Justice Ridley's judgment in that case, in the hope, no doubt, that a new impetus may be given to proceedings of this kind. We are glad to know that a good many Justices of the Peace have declined to be made parties to this fanatical plot, which in narrow-mindedness and poverty of spirit is akin to the recent effort of a few Nonconformist parsons at Shrewsbury to spoil the sport of the Army Pay Corps Sports Club, where men who all the week—sometimes till nearly midnight—are hard at work in the service of their country, have enjoyed a little harmless recreation on Sunday afternoons. The memorial to the Committee of the Club, in which these bilious parsons have set out their views, is a choice sample of clotted impudence. As our readers are aware, we hold no brief for any religious denomination, but we are glad to notice, and it is fair to state, that no Anglican clergyman has put his name to this offensive document, although several Bishops and other dignitaries of the Establishment appear among the Vice-Presidents of the Lord's Day Observance Society, whose barren Sabbatarianism finds no warrant either in the text of Scripture or the canons of Church.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES, BY THE "BOW-WOW."



The tax is lessened; who will gain
Through prices thus made low?
We sadly fear that, in the main,
'Twill be the hated foe.

Pigs too long have been in clover,
Battening upon our trade;
'Tis time their little game were over—
Pariahs they surely must be made.

The trembling Tino likes to think—
He does not like to act—
Too long he's lingered on the brink;
It's time he kept his pact.

From Sacred Cities bundled out,
The Turk in blank dismay
Beholds the Arab turn to rout
His vaunted troops' array.

The humble penny, or the pound,
Give with ungrudging hand;
No finer outlet will be found
Throughout the whole wide land.

The grave of many statesmen's fame
Yawns for the Welshmen's pride;
But L.G.'s patriotic game
Success won't be denied.

CORRUPT MERCHANT PRINCES.

WHERE THE CANCER LIES—TOO MANY HOT-AIR MERCHANTS—ORGANISE THE WOMEN.

By A. G. Hales.

If the forces of Great Britain were properly organised we could now win this war with a master stroke. But we are not organised; we cannot throw all our vital force into one concentrated effort at this supreme moment—when Germany is weary from the long-drawn-out onslaughts on the French front, when Austria is reeling in front of the Russians' sledge-hammer blows, when Turkey is staggered by the great Arab rising in the East, and when the enemy is at last feeling our own long-delayed onslaughts, which have been tremendous and far-reaching. Had we been quite ready, we might have brought the German to his knees. This is the second time since war commenced that we might have achieved victory had we been ready to take opportunity at the flood. The first chance came when Von Moltke's scheme to rush headlong into Paris failed by a hair's-breadth. That failure shook Germany to the foundations. Then came the smashing Anglo-French victories at the Marne, which put the Germans on the run; had we been organised sufficiently to give the French the support they needed at the moment, we would have kept them on the run until they were over the Rhine. Two golden opportunities lost for want of national organisation! Can we afford to go on tempting Providence in this manner? My information leads me to the belief that Germany is full of recuperative power—and, if given time, the Germanic empire may rally and continue the struggle indefinitely. If we are honest with ourselves, we must admit that our present condition is a disgrace to us. For over a century we have boasted that we were the greatest business nation on the planet—yet for two years we have existed in a state of chaotic muddle; food supplies have been left to govern themselves; coal, shipping, house rent, labour, and all the things pertaining to our daily lives have just drifted in a rudderless sort of way, and only the grace of God, and the traditional luck of the British people, have saved us from disaster. Yet at the marrow the nation was sound and strong—no nation that was not sound would give five million volunteers to the fighting forces.

Where the Cancer Lies.

We had—and have—gigantic resources; we had a brave and a willing people who never failed us—perhaps the most willing people ever known to any empire, in any era, in time of war. How, then, can we explain our chaotic condition? There is, I fear, only one real explanation which will bear analysis, and we must grapple with it fearlessly—we must deal with it *now*. The cause of our condition is corruption and dishonesty in high places. Our merchant princes are not living up to the great traditions of their forebears; they have not been acting as if they were of the same breed as the merchants who covered themselves with the glory of self-sacrifice in other wars in olden days. They have in the main carried themselves like men of a degenerate breed—they have plundered the people with both hands; they have behaved with the shameless greed of a band of harpies. Proud we are of our soldiers and sailors and of most of our aristocrats and of our labouring men, but not of our merchant princes. Many of our shippers and our coal magnates also bear the brand of the beast, making profit out of a nation's blood and tears. These people have been, and are, too greedy to combine for the Empire's good. Each thinks of himself, and only of himself, *and his profits*—hence the national chaos. Unity and organisation would spell the immediate death of improper profits, so we get the witches' cauldron filled with disruption, the robbery of the people and the death of patriotism amongst the profit exploiters, *and men are dying in battle every minute to safeguard these unclean persons.*

Organise the Women.

Our immediate need is to organise all the single women for working purposes, to fill the gaps caused by the lack of men, and to master new trades and callings made necessary by the absence of foreign goods. This is a vital matter. If we were organised now we could smash Germany in the field and in trade. Not cheap woman labour—we must have none of that: our aim is to uplift our nation, not to cramp it down to the German level. "Women labour well paid," must be our motto; cheap labour is degraded labour. We need to organise all married women for economic purposes; we must have no idle rich, and no women in great positions whose debts are paid by men of alien blood. What is wanted is a great and vital woman leader. We have her ready to our hand. Queen Mary is as strong as Elizabeth. She has personality, courage, fixity of purpose, and, above and beyond all, she is a *people's* Queen. There stands the real woman's leader, anointed and ordained a leader in very truth; and I believe she would rally to the women if the women called her—not as a mere crowned ornament, but as a vital, forceful leader. Mary of Britain is within call. Magnetic, dominant, mettlesome—a true descendant of the Royal woman who made our flag respected wherever it flew. And if we are going to build up trades and businesses that used to belong to the Germans and Austrians, our national cry must be—Organise, Organise, and yet again Organise! We have far too many hot-air merchants in our midst. We have been striking the enemy hard of late, but our armies cannot keep up the pressure unless an organised nation is behind the khaki wave.

AN UNHOLY SEPULCHRE.

At Sidestrand, in Norfolk, was once a church, with churchyard, by the sea. Recently the tower of the church (all that was left, for a fresh and handsome place of worship has been built inland) fell, and with it went over the cliff a portion of the churchyard. Private soldiers and N.C.O.s of a certain regiment have gleaned from the cliff-side some of the skulls, leg-bones, knee-caps and other portions of human bodies that lay among the rubbish, and have buried them. There have not been wanting, of course, collectors who have asked—we are pleased to believe in vain—for mementoes from the relics. Such ghoulish gathering is luckily alien from the military mind. Every day fresh falls will carry portions of the old churchyard towards the sea. The church to which the burial-ground belongs is presumably too poor to find the proper remedy, by transferring the whole number of the bodies to a place of permanent sepulchre. Were it a matter of vestments, or adornment, or a new silver chalice, money would flow in. Yet we believe that God would put up with rags and pewter rather than that the eyeless sockets of His dead should be turned up, uncovered, to His Heaven.

ONE VOTE TOO MANY.

There was what the reporters call a "breeze" at the Castleford (Yorkshire) Military Tribunal, when Councillor Anson discovered—not a "mare's nest," as some of his fellow-members would have us believe—but a serious irregularity in the earlier proceedings of the Tribunal. It seems that at a former session an application was heard from the Castleford and Allerton Co-operative Society for the exemption from military service of a waggoner in their employ; and among the members who sat and voted upon this case, which was keenly contested by the Military Representative, was Councillor Banks, who is a Director of the Co-operative Society. We do not suggest that, in failing to retire while the waggoner's case was heard, Mr. Banks was animated by any improper motive; but it is clearly stated in the regulations under which the Tribunals work, and from which they derive their authority, that "no member interested in a case before the Tribunal shall adjudicate in reference to that case," and it is obviously of the first importance that this wholesome rule should be strictly observed.

Hundreds have blessed our Free War Insurance. **See page iii of cover.**

THE FINGERS OF FATE.

THE GRIP BEGINS TO TIGHTEN.

THE HUN ON THE RUN. - - -

ONCE more I am going to take stock of the position. And I approach the task in a less depressed mood than that of my distinguished confrere, Mr. A. G. Hales. There is a Profit and Loss Account of this terrible war which can never be made up, for on the one side there is the blood of fathers, sons and lovers; and to those who mourn the loss of their dear ones it is difficult to show a "profit." But in the wider—and in the bigger—sense, we can make up the account and see how we stand to-day. Yes, the figures are more than satisfactory: the Credit side is heavy with hope—the Debit, though dark with death, is outbalanced. Wherever we look, whatever item of the great War Account we examine, the future is with us—and, what is more, the immediate future. I will let you into a secret. The great hero—the Man among soldiers, the Soldier among men—whose death has left so deep and indelible a scar on the nation's heart, revised his estimate of the war some time before he went on that journey shrouded in tragic mystery, terrible in its fateful outcome. He alone among the rulers of the nation "budgeted" for a three years' war. It was his duty to take a long view—just as Mr. Lloyd George is giving no hostages to fortune, and is making plans which will carry us through, whatever happens. But while Lord Kitchener prophesied, with the seeing eye of the real statesman, that the war would be a long one, before he died he revised his estimate. I don't mean that he allowed his view to influence in any way ceaseless preparation and provision for the future. But, in the freedom which comes of the companionship of intimate friends, he expressed the belief that the war would be over "before the autumn."

The Hun on the Run.

That was the opinion of the great soldier-statesman who had so often proved the value of his forecasts. Had he any justification for believing that harvest-time would also be peace-time? Surely he had. Does not everything point to victory? The Hun is on the run. I do not mean only that the tide of his military ascendency has turned—that the Russians are revealing all the mysterious power of the East in their smashing onslaught against the Austrians—which, if it has not involved the reputation of Hindenburg in the gloom of failure, has already made that great German general realise that war has its defeats as well as its victories. There is more than one way of defeating Germany; and now that the Rip Van Winkle of British officialdom has awakened, it really looks as though our Trade fight is about to begin. I say "about," because there has been a terrible lot of trifling with this supremely important question. But, thank Heaven, the Paris Trade Conference has administered ginger to the Government, and if the representatives of the Dominions have their way, we shall be at death grips with Germany in the markets of the world before the soldiers have laid down their arms. Never let us forget that Germany began the fight in commerce before she forced the struggle on the field of battle, and it is men like Prime Minister Hughes whom we need to keep our politicians up to the scratch. Fortunately, he was a member of that Allied Conference in Paris to which those of us who are determined to cripple the Hun past recovery look for tangible things. If the Government does its duty—forgets its past and all the petty politics which prevented us getting into the light before the war—then the sun of a great prosperity will burst from behind the heavy clouds of smoke, and a bigger and a more wealthy Empire will be built up on the rack and ruin of the conflict.

The End of the Drama.

But for most of us the very immediate and dramatic Present is more pregnant with interest than the Future, to which we look for the fruits of victory. And what a drama it is which is now moving to its predestined close! Predestined, yes, of course—all was arranged—all was designed by the all-mastering hand of The Ruler. There were those who, believing in the cause of the Allies, knowing that Truth and Justice were on their side, still doubted the ultimate issue. Does anyone doubt it to-day? Cast a glance over the vast and varied fields of war. Everywhere the finger of Fate is pointing threatenin ly to the day of defeat—the Hun is on the run. Great and wonderful Russia has rolled back the surging tide of war—she has marched with resistless force against the Austrians; her splendid Offensive has tak away the breath of the enemy. The Hun's chief Ally has received a blow in the very stomach of his strength. Aloud they call, but in vain, for help. Hindenburg, once so mighty to conquer—the big and burly soldier who thought he commanded the thunders of the Heavens as well as the hordes of Hell—has had a rude awakening. Has he found his match at last? Yes, it looks like it. While Austria reels under the master blows of the Russians, and Italy benefits from the splendour of the attack of the Czar's soldiers, the only Germans who can come to the rescue are wanted elsewhere. Bravo, Russia!

Ready at Last.

That is the secret of the new assault—of the Allied rush for victory. In the past there has been too much trusting to luck—too much belief in the "Cause," without sufficient scientific cohesion for the Victory. Now, thanks in the main to those meetings of the Allied Generals in which our own beloved Kitchener played his helpful and appointed part, nothing is done haphazard. What Russia carries out; what Italy attempts; the feints and offensives in the West—all are part and parcel of one great comprehensive scheme. Russia has been able to continue her wonderful march, winning victories, making prisoners in thousands, piling up her well-deserved booty, because, aided in no small measure by British money and British labour, the big guns have given power to her indomitable spirit—the big scheme was planned and foreseen. Hundreds of miles away though she is from her Allies, fighting and conquering apparently alone, she is just as much carrying out part of a Plan as are the French at Verdun, or the British round the Ypres salient. Yes, that great truth has been learned:—"United we stand, divided we fall." Not only united in aim and spirit,

A Common Plan at Last.
Rip Van Winkle Waking Up.

By THE EDITOR.

but in plan and method. That is why we have the Hun on the run—that is why, harassed in the East and firmly held in the West, the enemy sees now in firm outline the spectre of his fate. We have only to stick to the job a little longer—to gird up our loins and fight with redoubled resolve, and the run will end in a rout—yes, *even though Verdun should fall, or the Russian march be temporarily checked.*

The Moral of Greece.

The Hun's intrigues in Greece are at an end. Firmness has won its inevitable victory. We saw the terrible price paid for indecision when Bulgaria was allowed to slip away into the hands of the enemy—that page of history recording the failure of diplomacy in the Balkans is scrawled with impotence and besmeared with blood. It is one of the cruellest and saddest in the story of this war. But the new diplomacy is the true diplomacy. The big fist which, as Sir Edward Carson deplored when he was in the Cabinet, was left unclenched, has now been used with splendid results. Crafty and intriguing Greece—I mean her King and her politicians, not her People; *they* are strong for the right and true to the Allies—has had a great fright. It was a near thing—it was "touch and go." A little while longer and Greece would have thrown herself into the arms of the enemy, and a new complication, a fresh menace, would have been added to the world-tangle of this wretched war. Now "Tino" and his miserable band of pro-German creatures know where they stand—at the muzzle of British guns, unless they behave themselves. *That* position is saved, by strength and decision. Oh, yes, British politicians—read the moral of it all, learn the lesson that is plain for men to see. Be strong, know your own minds; and victory in every phase of this struggle is ours.

A Belated Conversion.

My readers, who appreciate how keenly in the past I have spoken and written for sanity in the Executive, for a Business Government for this nation of Business men, will not have failed to notice *our* victory in the Near East. Read the second clause of the Allies' Ultimatum to Greece. It is worth notice—it is the rising of the sun of Common-sense in national affairs—the dawn of our hopes for the future of Government: "Immediate substitution for the existing Ministry of *a Business Cabinet devoid of all political prejudice.*" There you have it—a Business Cabinet. It is the prejudiced politician who is the enemy of efficiency, the drag on the wheel of progress. In every department of the State we suffer from his petty ways, from his "political prejudices." I can quite understand why the Protecting Powers put in that clause. They knew that—as long as the politician was allowed to continue his pernicious work, to persist in his intrigues, and carry on his plots—all hope of a real security was futile. The politician in Greece has flirted with Germany until an alliance which would be of incalculable danger to the Allied cause had almost been brought about. The King and his gang were told, in bold and threatening words, that that miserable intrigue had to stop. At first they thought it was all bluff—that we were at our old silly game again. But when they realised that the threatening hand held a pistol, and that the finger was on the trigger, the pro-Germans were on their knees in a minute. And "a Business Cabinet devoid of all political prejudice" was the result. What a boon to Greece; what a blessing if this country—just when so much that is vital to our future as a business Empire is hanging in the balance—could secure a "Business Cabinet devoid of all political prejudice"! But I am afraid it is too much to hope for. Still, if we cannot get that ideal which the Allies have actually forced upon Greece, we can see to it—now that Germany is beginning to feel the full force of our power—that we put the screw on with redoubled ruthlessness.

Clear Them All Out.

Evidence is forthcoming every day that the food pinch in Germany is getting a grip on the throats of her people—even the *Daily Mail* now admits that. But, as I have so often said, the grip must be a merciless strangle-hold before the enemy cries for bread. And the sooner Hunger stalks through the land of the Hun, the more certain will be the victory—the more secure for the Allies the peace that will follow triumph. Thousands of gallant sailors have gone down into the great deep that our Navy might continue to ride the seas unchallenged. Those fine lives will have been wantonly wasted unless the Navy, through the Blockade, is allowed to get that death grip on the German throat which will throttle the enemy and bring him, faint and famished, to his knees. And if we need the strangle hold now to win the war, we want that other strangle hold, on Trade, to keep the German down. He must be robbed of the means of replenishing his coffers—we must keep him poor. Above all, this country—the Tom Tiddler's ground for the money-making Hun—must be closed to him. We shall want all the money we can get to pay for the losses the war has brought upon us. Whoever else shares in our prosperity, *he* must be kept outside the gates. What is more, we must thrust from out this Land of Commerce the slim and slimy Germans who are only waiting to open the door for their friends. Drive forth the lot of them—intern them now, and deny them those rights of hospitality they have abused! I repeat, the enemy is on the run. It is our business to apply the big boot of resolution and ruthlessness, and make him run all the faster.

Be of Good Cheer!

Summing up the whole situation, therefore, I reiterate my oft-expressed opinion that, despite all our bungling and our blundering, we are still top-dog. *No* nation—however long and carefully it may have been preparing—can successfully defy the might of the British Empire—even if it hadn't a single Ally at its side. But with all that is best in the world working hand in hand with us, towards final triumph, why doubt the result? So, my good friends, keep on smiling, even though many of you—in the great mystery of God's scheme—smile through your tears. Try to dry them—clouds *will* be sunshine to-morrow.

WHAT HAPPENS TO OUR HORSES AT THE FRONT?

Many times, no doubt, you have stood and watched a march-past of mounted troops. As you gazed in admiration at the spectacle of the splendid, prancing, superbly trained animals, have you ever wondered how they fare when they reach the battle zone? How are they cared for, fed and groomed amid the horrors of this fiercely waged war? And above all, what happens when they are wounded or fall sick?

It may be news to many that a complete organisation has been developed to ensure the well-being of our horses at the front.

Thanks largely to the efforts of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a big fund has been raised and spent since the commencement of the war with the object of providing for the comfort and veterinary treatment of war-worn steeds. Stables, hospitals, horse ambulances (some of these motor-driven), motor forage wagons, drinking troughs, are but a few of the needs supplied to the Army in the field through the R.S.P.C.A. Fund. In addition, hundreds of lectures have been delivered in all parts of the British Isles to recruits, instructing them how best to tend their horses and to render first aid when necessary.

HAVE YOU HELPED TO CARRY ON THIS WORK?

The splendid results secured through the R.S.P.C.A. Fund (which, by the way, is the only one approved by the Army Council, and works in conjunction with the Army Veterinary Corps) will delight all horse-lovers, and it will not be denied that this good work on behalf of British Army horses must not cease. But, in order to meet the ever-growing demands from the front, more money is needed at once. As Mr. John Galsworthy said of this Fund: 'This is a work of prudence, of justice, and of mercy. Give, I beg you, GIVE."

Every shilling counts—send your cheque or postal order (crossed Coutts & Co.) without delay to Sir Montague Fowler, Bt., the Hon. Secretary, 104, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.

"K. OF K. BOYS."

HOW TOMMY RE EIVED THE NEWS.

We have received the following account from a "Tommy," "Somewhere in France," of how the boys in the Trenches received the news of Lord Kitchener's death: "We stood aghast with horror. This thing that the operator wrote on his pink slip was false; the 'buzzer' kept on 'buzzing' as if some demon had entered it! There! It had finished; and on the pink slip those fateful words were written, 'Kitchener drowned.' It was appalling, for the 'buzzer' tells its tale in unmistakable words, and such news shook us as would a cyclone. We looked at one another with scared faces, for this was almost more than we could bear. Would to God I could have given my life for his! Some had said 'His work s done.' *We* knew his work had only commenced; he had only got his tools ready to start on the job he had set out on. He had forged such a weapon as would have shamed Satan's hosts, and laid low his power for ever. That weapon is still intact; it has not suffered. But, who can wield it? Is there another MAN who can? We pray the great God above us to let the spirit and genius of that mighty, silent demi-God remain with us, in this our time of tribulation and trial. He *must* not leave us in this way; he is ours. We are Kitchener's." Civilian or soldier, every true Briton felt the same,

FIRING CLAY.

THE MAN, THE LADY, AND THE BOYS.

William Henry Reginald Clay is an Engineer's Inspector at certain works in Lincoln. He likes to carry a revolver, but nobody knows why. The other day he used it. Four lads were walking past Canwick Drive, when they heard talking and laughing inside the gate, and they saw a young man—Mr. Clay—and a lady. They stood there, boy-like, for two minutes, and then out came the hero; no common Clay, he. Running after the boys, he fired his revolver as well. He caught a lad of 14, "struck him across the left eye with the revolver; it cut his eyebrow and made his nose bleed. He then struck him with his fist and kicked him in the body." When the boy was going home, the man caught him once more and struck him again. The charge of shooting with intent to do grievous bodily harm was dismissed, and Clay, pleading guilty to assault, was fined £5. He is a very fortunate piece of human clay. His own lawyer admitted that "he allowed his rage to outrun his discretion." That being so, it moves one to ask why a man of such violent temper is permitted to carry firearms in this country. Surely there is plenty of opportunity for him in France to indulge in pot-shots—not at inoffensive boys, but at the Boches. He is clearly wasting his time as an "Engineer's Inspector." He is Clay fitted for the firing—line.

RACING NOTES.

By "THE SQUIRE."

At Newbury, on Friday, LUX should win the Newbury Hunt Cup, whilst JULIAN, if he is the best of Lord Carnarvon's trio, will take the Royal Stakes. They are not a great lot in the Kennet T.Y.O. Stakes, and COUNT WARBLER should carry his penalty successfully. On Saturday, the Newbury Summer Cup promises a very interesting race, for which my present fancy is strongly for SEALBY, though I have reason to think we have not yet seen the best of Pollen, who might easily effect a surprise. COUNT WARBLER, if kept for the Berkshire T.Y.O. Stakes, could win it, and in his absence NUN'S VEILING would prove best. The Ogbourne Welter will suit CLAP GATE, and PROSPERO looks best for the Wiltshire Selling Handicap.

The SPECIAL, containing full selections for the meeting, is now on sale and can be obtained from Messrs. Odhams Limited, 93, Long Acre, W.C. (price 6d.). Subscribers had a good time at Newmarket, where, amongst others, such good winners as Julee Drum and Son-in-Law were confidently predicted. Wire orders for Newbury (10s. for the two days) should be addressed to me, c.o. JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre W.C

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for June 24th, 1916, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 030,618 and A283,888. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C

Have you a friend or relative at the Front? If so, do you forward him a copy of "JOHN BULL?"

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published in the following issue.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing on the cover any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done

The following have sent in correct claims:—

Mr. J. GEORGE HETHERINGTON, 44, Woodville Gardens, Langside, Glasgow. June 3rd. 245,698.

Mr. R. W. LAYE, 3, Druckham Terrace, Launceston, Cornwall. June 3rd. 260,563.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of June 24th:—

015,678	284,110	574,623	841,785	A133,715
034,026	319,315	589,676	863,097	A162,986
075,342	337,031	603,292	894,669	A183,632
122,439	358,476	648,911	933,136	A205,835
137,621	394,368	670,673	962,847	A227,027
168,583	416,873	725,058	974,574	A259,515
183,025	447,509	742,314	A000,325	A290,120
190,716	598,527	773,026	A044,696	A346,242
237,608	523,172	792,435	A076,124	A359,398
256,871	552,851	817,423	A098,366	A376,213

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published July 5th).

ANOTHER £10 PAID.

Mr. J. MALTBY, of North Looe, near Epsom, has forwarded to us the copy of JOHN BULL, dated June 3rd, bearing the number 004,710, for which we advertised, and Mr. ALBERT CARDEN, Officers' Cook, Warrant Officers' Mess, Royal Naval Barracks, Chatham, has sent that dated June 10th, and numbered A352,148, for which we also inquired. A cheque for £5 has been sent to each of these readers.

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28b

A Message to Mothers

As with pride and love you look at the wee morsel of humanity, so helpless and dependent upon you, you make a mental vow that, come what may, your precious little baby shall have the very best chance you can give him. That is why your baby's mother will feed him herself if she can, for she knows that no other food can supply the intensely individual nourishment which baby's mother has alone the power to give.

If the breast milk does not satisfy baby, it can generally be improved both in quality and quantity by the mother herself taking a cup or two of Glaxo daily; or if the mother finds the strain of continuous breast-feeding too great, baby can have Glaxo in turn with the breast without causing digestive disturbance.

This is because Glaxo is simply pure milk with extra cream and milk sugar; the water is driven off, leaving the dried powder, which is packed in a bag, and inserted in a sealed vessel. The Glaxo process makes the powder free from germs, and causes the curd to form into tiny particles, easy of digestion and resembling the Lact-albumen of breast milk, permanently retained at the source of supply, whilst the risks and dangers inseparable from the marketing of ordinary milk are eliminated.

Glaxo

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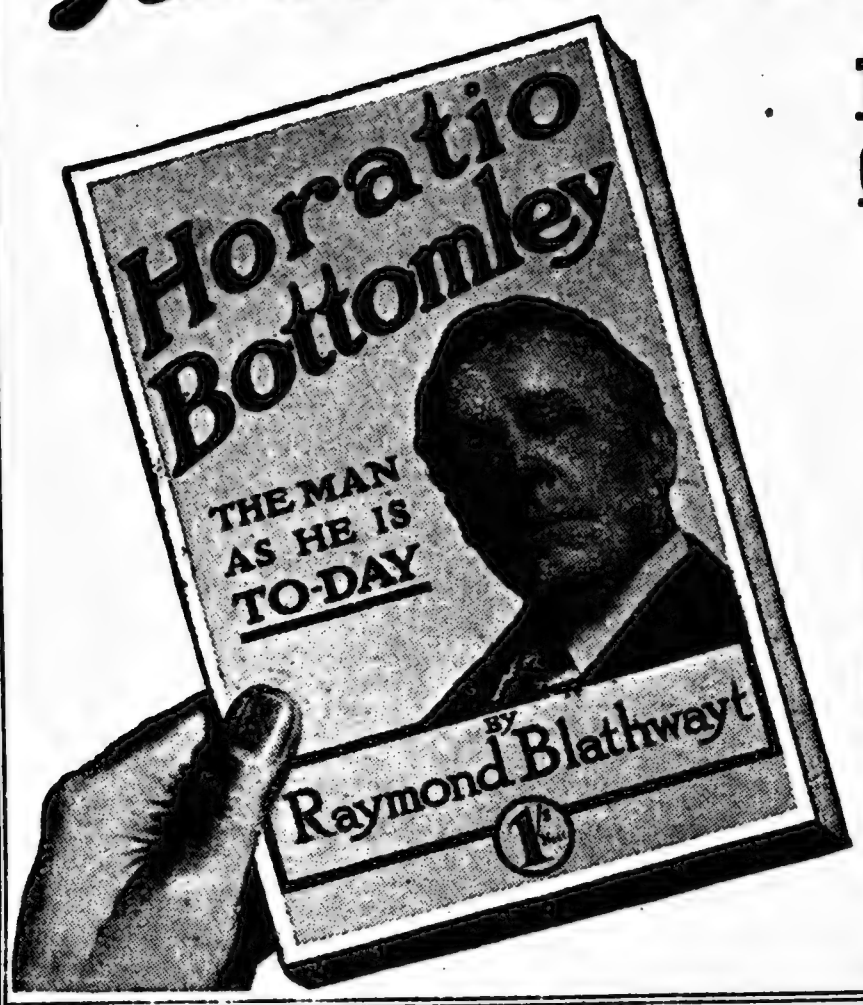

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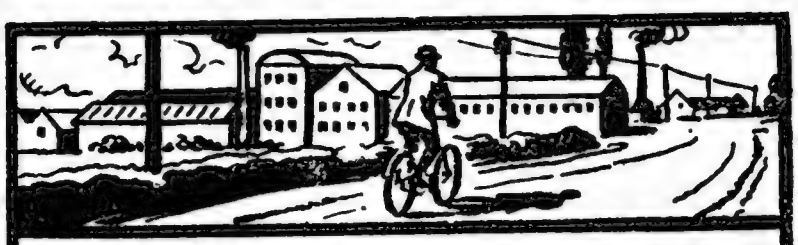

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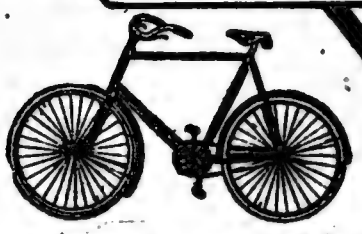

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HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

THE PESSIMIST.

ELDERLY GENT. (*beaming*): Well, sir, I think we can see the beginning of the end.

PESSIMISTIC PARTY (*gloomily*): I doubt it. We're in for a long war.

E. G.: Nonsense, sir! It is physically, materially, and financially impossible for Germany to carry on a long war. She calculated on a short, sharp struggle, and victory. Seeing that is out of the question, she is now merely holding on to negotiate better peace terms.

P. P. (*shaking head*): I wish I could think so. But I cannot shut my eyes to the war map. According to that, Germany has been victorious all along the line. She occupies nine-tenths of Belgium, a large area of France, the whole of Serbia, and a stretch of Russia. Practically not an inch of her own soil is occupied by the Allies.

E. G.: Pooh! It isn't a question of what she's got, but what she can hold. When the combined advance takes place she will crumple up like one of her own Zeppelins.

P. P.: I'm afraid there never will be a combined advance. Germany is doing all the attacking, and tightening her hold on France and Belgium day by day. Look at our casualties—1,000 a day, and nothing to show for them.

E. G.: Come, come, you're taking too gloomy a view. If we are only *holding* Germany, who has been preparing for this for forty years, surely that is something to congratulate ourselves upon.

P. P.: Merely *holding* Germany will not win the war. She must be forced back out of France and Belgium, and I see no prospect of that being done.

E. G.: What about Russia?

P. P.: Russia is certainly enjoying a momentary success; but she is not fighting the Germans, but Austrians. Where she is confronted with the Kaiser's troops she is making no progress. In my opinion she is going ahead too fast, and her offensive will presently fizzle out just the same as her last one did. I rest no hope on Russia.

JACK TAR (*interrupting*): 'Scuse me, mister, but wot does the Kayser pay yer fur tryin' to take the 'eart out of us at 'ome w'ile our chaps are fightin' an' dyin' fur us every day?

P. P.: Although you are a sailor you have no right to insult me.

JACK TAR: You carn't insult a traitor. Germany is as good as w'acked. We w'acked 'er in the North Sea, and if she's w'acked on the sea she's done for.

P. P.: No matter what you say, immediate peace is the only thing to save the country from disaster.

JACK TAR: Peace? Did you say peace? Not till we've avenged Kitchener and my mates wot were killed in the North Sea. Look 'ere, I don't care for the company of people wot snivel about peace. Will you git out, or shall I . . . ? That's right, and very wise too. I'm only flesh an' blood, an' might lose me temper. A German agent, I wouldn't mind bettin'.

PEACE ON BANK HOLIDAY!

BY "A PSYCHIC STUDENT."

Peace *must* be declared on August Bank Holiday. How do I know? Simply by making a few most elementary mathematical calculations regarding the man-power at our disposal. First let us take the number of men of military age who came over with William the Conqueror 1,066
Add—Males born to date .. 9,902,301

9,903,367
Ditto (War babies) .. 5

9,903,372
Deduct—Casualties at Hastings, Bannockburn, Waterloo and Charing Cross 16,714

9,886,658
Males engaged on munition work 4,879,642

5,007,016
Ditto making badges for same 3,264,177

1,742,839
Ditto in fish-and-chip factories, Parliament, and other "starred" industries 722,739

1,020,100
Males with varicose hearts and weak veins .. 176,431

843,669
Males with flat, trench, or cold feet 60,687

782,982
Take away the number we first thought of .. 1,066

781,916

What have we left? Seven, eight, one-nine-one-six; and August Bank Holiday falls on the *seventh* day of the *eighth* month of the year *one-nine-one-six!* What could be plainer? *Verb. sap. Nux Vomica.*

THE "C.O."

A DISILLUSIONMENT.

Adolphus Cadman was a young man of fine physique—but a coward. He had a conscientious objection to war.

Unfortunately for Cadman, his employer had a conscientious objection to paying him his salary.

Cadman was out of a berth. His soft job was gone. Gloomily he went home to his villa in the suburbs. His wife met him with an alarming tale. The tradesmen had a conscientious objection to serving the household.

The servants—one of whom had a brother at the war, the other was engaged to be married to a soldier—had given notice.

Cadman went round to the club. He had before been very eloquent on the subject of his conscience and the war. His name had been removed from the club membership.

But cheer up, Cadman—there's plenty of room for you in Germany.

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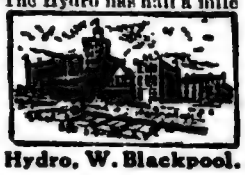

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A widow whose son was killed at the front has two very small children, who were clothed in rags and bootless. The poor youngsters were thus unable to leave the house, and the school authorities had consequently threatened proceedings. The case was brought to our notice, and we not only clothed the children, but saved their stricken mother from fine or imprisonment.

One of the many soldiers discharged in uniform without money, had two children very ill. These cases of financial hardship are callously manufactured by the military authorities, who, according to Regulations, should discharge the men in civilian clothing and with their parchments. They are, however, frequently left for weeks in khaki and without their documents. Being thus debarred from employment, they are doomed to starve with their wives and little ones. In this case we did what was requisite to relieve their wants.

Some martinet commanders refuse leave to their men to travel even a few miles to see dear ones who are dying, notwithstanding the presentation of urgent letters from doctors and proof from the local police that the cases are genuine. One man was tortured in his mind recently because his wife was *in extremis*, and he broke barracks to see her. The result on his return was detention and the stoppage of his wife's money, she having pulled through to convalescence. We did what we could for the poor woman, who naturally could not be left to fret and starve.

Returned to civil life on account of ill health, an ex-soldier got a light job, but again broke down. He asked for assistance from the Prince of Wales' Fund, and was offered employment—to push a milk barrow round the streets. As the poor fellow has no power in his left arm and his right leg is practically crippled, he had to refuse this offer. He found that there is a difference between the Prince of Wales' Fund and ours.

A widow lost two sons in the war. Her only income was a weekly allotment of 8s. 6d. from her remaining soldier boy and whatever money she could earn herself—which was very little. She fell ill and was unable to go out to work. She appealed to us with success.

Taking the applications made to us for help as a criterion, we are driven to the conclusion that there is a vast army of grasping and heartless landlords in England. Day after day we have cases of soldiers' wives being evicted from their humble homes, and finding it very difficult to obtain new habitations, as landlords appear to object to Mrs. Tommy as a tenant. We do what we can in all these cases, and wonder what will happen to some landlords when the boys come marching home.

Out of the Army on account of physical breakdown, a soldier entered the Union Infirmary. He was about to be discharged penniless, and wondered what he could do to make a living, as he is unable to undertake ordinary work. He asked us for help to buy "stock," so that he might keep body and soul together by hawking goods in London. We naturally gave him a fresh start in life, and wish him success.

A khaki wife went through a very serious illness, and as a result her purse was depleted and she was in debt. The doctor warned her not to worry or she would have a further breakdown. The advice was sound, no doubt; but the position of the woman rendered such counsel difficult to act upon. We trust that the assistance we gave will facilitate her convalescence.

We would remind the many soldiers' wives who ask for help to pay instalments on their hired goods, that they may obtain from the post office a form of application for special assistance, which is always granted in genuine cases.

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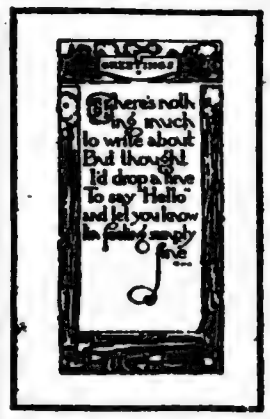
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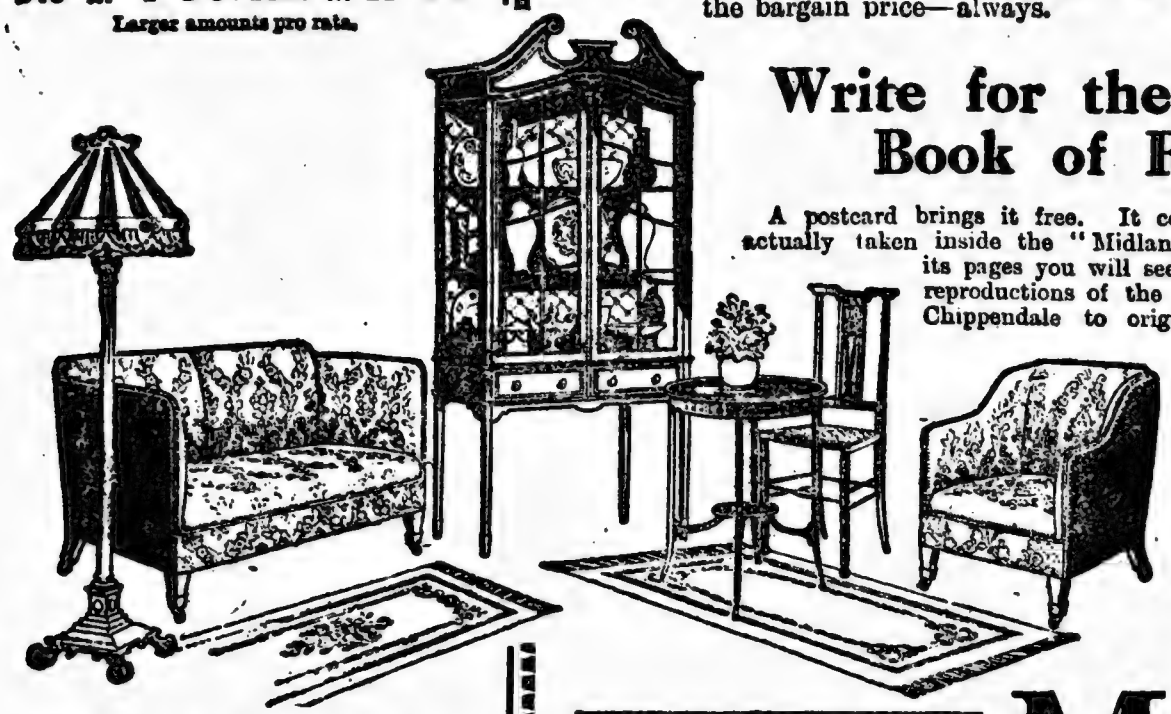

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A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE TRENCHES AND THE CAMP.

OVERDOING IT.

We would ask the War Office and the General Officer Commanding in Ireland if there is not too much Prussianism in the military handling of the distressful country beyond the Channel. During what was called the "revolution" the military heel was placed on the necks of the peaceful Irish people to an undue extent, and possibly this is the reason for the fact that there are now five Sinn Feiners where there was one before the trouble. However, we will let that pass in order to ask why, in the name of goodness, Irish soldiers home from the trenches on leave find the eastern provinces of Ireland placed out of bounds, which means that the boys cannot cross the Channel to see their friends and families. Surely, having regard to the splendid services of the Irish troops at the front, it cannot be that those in high authority have decided that Paddy home on leave is liable to turn into a revolutionary?

"RATTLE HIS BONES."

When a Hun prisoner of war dies, we give him a solemn military funeral. The casket containing his remains is covered with the disgraced flag of his country, our bands wail out the funeral march, and a firing party looses off three volleys over the grave. May we appeal to the War Office for similar ceremonies on behalf of our heroes who die in the service of the Empire? A British soldier's last wish is for a military funeral; yet our system seems to be to rush him to the grave as quietly as possible, with no show and no ceremony. This should not be.

ABOUT THE TALKING SHOP.

We bring forward Tommy's complaints, and but for the exigencies of space we could multiply the weekly number by twenty. It is within our knowledge that there is not a member of Parliament who does not receive from his soldier constituents dozens of letters giving particulars of grievances. Thanks to the pernicious Party System, the recipients are dumb and the soldiers continue to suffer. But what will happen when the boys come home? Will they vote again for the political marionette whose sole idea of duty is to dance according to the way the strings are pulled by the political trickster who is the leader of his Party?

STARVING MRS. ATKINS.

Nobody knows better than we do the terrible distress caused among the families of the men who are called up by the negligence—we had almost written "criminal negligence."—of some of our Recruiting Officers. When a man joins the colours his papers should at once be sent to the Paymaster, and when this is done the wife of the soldier receives within twenty-four hours the necessary authority to draw her allowance. Some of our Recruiting Officers, however, hold the paper over for weeks, during which time the poor woman and her children are left to sink or swim. If the delinquents were engaged in commercial concerns they [illegible] is

WAKE UP, WAR OFFICE!

The book-keeping of the Recruiting Department appears to be one of the rustiest cogs in the War Office machine. We have had evidence of dead men being called upon, under pains and penalties, to join the colours, although notification of their deaths has been given to the authorities. We also know that hundreds of patent cripples and dead-and-alives who have been rejected receive papers to come up for service. We have before us a terrifying notice, warning the man to whom it is addressed that if he does not join up at once he will be arrested as a deserter, although the recipient has put in eight months in France, and is now lying in hospital badly wounded! Oh, for a Business War Office!

THE LADY DRIVER.

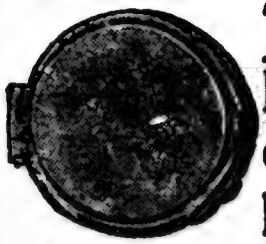
A short time ago we made some remarks concerning the lady drivers of the A.S.C. at Shepherd's Bush. We pointed out that, when sprawling under the cars inspecting the machinery or cleaning the gear, they are forbidden to wear continuations built on the male pattern. Now we believe, they are to be forced to live in a house under a girl Superintendent. All complaints to the higher authorities appear to be ignored, but we should like to know why the feminine members of the A.S.C. should have all pay struck off while they are incapacitated by injuries received while on duty. This rule, of course, does not apply to the men enlisted to do similar work.

BILKING AT BOW.

We have been approached by some housekeepers at Bow, whose complaint is that men billeted on them are frequently shifted, leaving them to whistle for the money due. Applications for redress at the headquarters of the district appear to go unheeded. It is bad enough for the War Office to cadge from the public necessaries for the men which should be provided by the State, but this system of bilking householders—who are often badly off themselves—is much worse. It is not confined to Bow.

TOMMY ON LEAVE.

As a result of our appeal on behalf of Expeditionary men who arrive at Liverpool Street Station early on Sunday morning and have to tramp it with packs and arms to Victoria, a well-known motorist has offered to put a fleet of cars at the disposal of the men. Commander Freemantle and a few friends carried on a service of cars; but for financial reasons had to limit it. The cost was about £250 a week. This small knot of philanthropists have been asked to look after the men returning from and proceeding to the front, and have formed the Motor Transport Volunteers, under the patronage of Lord French and many other distinguished people. They hope, with the assistance of the public, to provide the soldiers with transportation, and, where [illegible]



Showing the Army Protector Closed.

This Protector covers all Emergencies

Having your wrist watch (any size) in the *Army* Protector means protecting the watch. Keeping out the dust, it saves you expense for cleaning; being non-reflecting, it saves the soldier from attracting snipers' bullets; it saves you from the danger of splintered glass; and enables the watch to be worn even when the glass is broken.

The ARMY WRIST WATCH PROTECTOR

Is the only contrivance adapted to guard against all contingencies—but you must be sure to ask for the "Army" Protector. It is made in six sizes to fit **any** wrist watch, for **anyone's** wear. Special size for Ladies. Size 4 fits the Ingersoll Wrist Watch. Opens with a touch, and closes automatically.

Nickel or Khaki Finish .. 1/6
Leather Covered 2/6
Rolled Gold .. .. .. from 3/6
Also in Solid Silver and Solid Gold.

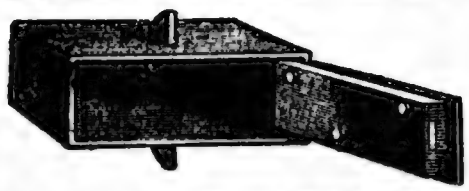
Sold by Jewellers, Silversmiths, Cutlers, &c.

If unable to obtain from your own jeweller, send stamps or postal orders to—

Sales Manager—Waltham Buildings, 29, Church Street, Liverpool.

Clasp it under and over like this.

A Safe in your Home for 25s.



Same size as a brick—fits invisibly into any of your walls—will keep your money and valuables far safer than a till, box, or ordinary safe.

The size of an ordinary brick, it can be let into any wall in any hidden position (as behind door, picture, furniture, etc.), giving absolute security. It has best hardened steel door, with good six-lever lock (no two locks alike), and has secret device making keyhole practically invisible. Quite easy to fit. It in by yourself, or a bricklayer will do it in an hour. The Ideal Safe for homes, hotels, apartment houses, vestries, shops, etc. Made in two sizes: 9 ins. wide, **25s.**; 13 ins. wide, **30s.** Satisfaction guaranteed. Sent carriage paid on receipt of cash. Special cement for fixing one safe, 1s. extra. Order to-day, before you suffer loss, or send for list with full particulars and name of nearest agent to sole makers—

BRICK SAFE CO., MORVILLE STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

Good agents wanted where not represented.

Fight Germs

that poison and impoverish the blood and cause disease. **TUMOURS ABSCESSES, ULCERS, TUBERCULOSIS, and [illegible] GROWTHS** [illegible]

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as, though every effort is made for their safe return, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL and SPORTING inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

A. B. (Kensington).—We know nothing whatever of the "Mr. Bottomley" who spouts in Hyde Park in defence of the Coalition Government.

E. S. (Orford).—Many, like you, would prefer to see a soldier as War Secretary.

W. A. W. (Dublin).—In a hot Sinn Fein district you fly the Union Jack, despite threats. You are the kind of Irishman we admire.

J. F. (Tulse Hill) suggests that we should devise "a name that will embrace the whole British Empire," and suggests Empirian. Why not "Empyrean"—which means "formed of pure fire or light"?

H. L. (Finborough Road).—A new English version of the Marseillaise, brought up to date, is quite a good notion. All we need is the good poet.

PTE. W. S. C. (Forest Gate).—When the public gets a chance to cheer heroes, it naturally does not stop to ask what country they come from. We certainly hope everybody's turn will come. And it will!

A. W. (Dorking).—To call Lord Kitchener "the nation's idol" is not to be guilty of idolatry. We are sure you know better.

"MAYORAL."—The Mayor of Newbury (Berkshire) is, we learn, another attested Chief Magistrate. He is, therefore, the second to receive our congratulations. Good Mayor!

J. D. (Bridgend).—Our third discovery in attested Chief Magistrates is Mr. Loveluck, Mayor of Bridgend, Glam., who is now a sapper in the Royal Engineers. Love and luck to him!

"HULL READER."—The public should keep in mind that among the subscribers to the fund for helping Germans and Austrians were:—Cadbury, £700; Carnegie, £200; Haldane, £25; and the Archbishop of Canterbury, £10. There was also "B. F.," £300, whose initials are indicative of his personality.

"FEMALE LABOUR" (Beswick).—All the tall tales of munition workers making weekly fortunes cannot be true if you women work 48 hours a week and draw only 15s.

J. M. W. (Belfast).—Officers of the Navy and Army who persistently patronise a German barber in Belfast deserve to be *strafed*. Hope it won't take the form of barber's rash.

REV. T. S. C.—There is a store at Sidmouth displaying a notice:—"No Germans, whether naturalised or not, will be supplied with goods." The blockade is putting on its strangle-hold.

MRS. E. N. (Totnes).—Anthony Trollope, in his novel, "He Knew He was Right" (period, 1860), said, *John Bull* and *The Herald* were the only two papers considered "the thing" to be read in society. Trollope would omit *The Herald* if he were alive to-day. "He Knew He was Right"!

"AN UNNATURALISED GERMAN MOTHER."—If you have two sons in the trenches and one in training, they are a credit to their English father—and to you. Wish them luck from us.

E. S. W. (Chesterfield).—You, an attested married man, with five children, have two unattested shopmates, each with one child. When your firm appealed, the two others got six months' exemption each, and you only three. It is a boiling shame, your claim being five times stronger than theirs.

PTE. J. G. A. (Tottenham).—Your local paper, asking for an accordion, safety razor and mouth-organs for local soldiers, promises to forward them if the givers also send postage. It is rather mean. Wonder if the journal will supply the paper and string.

H. C. (Balham).—The wife of an interned German (who comes home once a week!) employs English girls from 8 till 6, and pays them 6s. to 8s. a week in wages. The sooner those girls get another job the better. We blame *them*.

W. L. (Belfast).—We do not object to your little lecture; perhaps we deserve it! But when did we "throw our arms round the necks of Germany's avowed friends"—the Sinn Feiners? Not guilty, your worship.

K. C. (Woolwich).—Sympathise with you that your lad must go, though plenty of strong young men remain. But if they are genuine munition workers they are wanted here.

PTE. C. J. C. (Darlington).—The turn of the Durham boys will come, and London will not forget to cheer them when it does.

R. A. D. (Pembridge).—"For Parliamentary purposes Monmouth is usually included in Wales. Economically and industrially Monmouthshire is Welsh." Have it *your* way; we don't mind. But you are not correct.

H. W.—We do not believe British soldiers combine to "assault and nearly kill" conscientious objectors. We believe they treat them with contempt.

"JAMES" (Harringay).—The result of our special £1,000 Birthday "Bullets" Competition will appear in next week's issue.

PTE. J. G. T. (Milsted).—The toast to the Kaiser, composed in your tent, begins:—"Here's very bad health to the Kaiser; May he suffer the most awful pain!" Certainly—but spare us.

F. S. (Finchley) and OTHERS send us announcements of changes of Germanic surnames to British by Deed Poll. However, the only persons allowed now to do this are either British subjects or naturalised Britons, the latter being reckoned by the law as in every way on a par with persons whose ancestors have long resided in this country.

D. C. G. (Greystones).—Amusing to find Greystones Electric Light Co. charging more because coal costs more. They must use less. But all the companies are at the same game.

E. A. S. J. (Bournemouth).—The pet flower of Germany is the cornflower, worn in memory of Wilhelm the One. Wilhelm the Two favours it hugely. So, 'ware cornflowers!

W. G. (Runcorn).—When your niece in Malta gave a copy of us to two Tommies, they at once stopped work to read us. Rest and refreshment are beneficent things.

C. W. B. (Bristol), H. S. (Notting Hill), and MANY OTHERS.—With all our energy we point out the peril of the alien in our midst, and the country is with us.

T. W. (Newport).—The four sons of Dunn, the hatter, are funny creatures. They would not kill "any vermin—even caterpillars." Evidently they may be flea-bitten with impunity. Old saying revised: "Mad as a hatter's sons."

"JOCK" (Surbiton).—We have often protested against sales of "condemned" stores by Government Departments. Copper, bronze, brass, iron, lead, etc., remain what they were although "condemned"; but red-tape bids the G.P.O. sell, the dealers buy—and re-sell to the Government.

G. T. (West Kensington).—Good Irishmen are good, and you are one of the best. Your letter echoes our continual cry, "Out with the Germans!"

REV. J. T. R. (Stamford).—It was unkindly, if not unjust, to fine an absent man £4 for showing a light. As he had asked for a postponement, being 300 miles away, he should have had the chance of defending himself.

W. P. (Talbot Road).—Have already told of the Hackney tradesman who was asked by the Home Office if he would re-employ an interned German. Share your indignation that Germhun shopkeepers should also keep a Post Office. That's madness.

"FORFAR."—Forfar Pensions Committee, needing a Clerk, did not advertise, but rushed the matter through, ignoring a time-expired Reg. Q.M.S., and appointing a young, single man. If the exclamation were not un-Parliamentary, we might cry "Shame!"

"ROYAL YACHT."—£20 a month is too much to give Assistant Paymasters whose only work is to pay yacht crews once a fortnight, and who are frequently late at that job. Active service would suit these young men admirably.

"BOURNEMOUTH."—Bathing machines and chairs owned by private people at Bournemouth and Boscombe are free to wounded soldiers; the Corporation chairs are charged for.

J. R. (Birmingham).—You send "complete file," consisting of only five numbers, of a paper born in July, 1906, almost a t in to us. An excellent halfpenny paper, the "Organ of all who work for Wage or Salary," it met an untimely death, and *The Majority* joined—itself.

E. J (North Shields).—Of course we know it is improper for Sub-Postmasters to make soldiers' wives draw their allowances in the shape of goods from the shop, but that does not dispose of the statement that some scamps do such things.

SGT. D. C. (B.E.F.).—You are too touchy. We never dreamed of accusing Scotsmen of meanness. Your nation has two great merits—thrift and pluck. Do not twist our words, even when jocular.

Miss M. W. (Senghenydd).—Hyphenated Americans are German Yankees. Thanks for your photograph. We have added it to our gallery of beauties—Welsh section. Are there any more at home like you?

"JUSTICE."—The supine Government were allowing the rival forces in Ireland to arm long before the Curragh incident, consequently your charge of inconsistency in our article, "God Save Ireland," falls flat.

"CISSY" (Edinburgh).—Don't be silly, Cissy. The fact of Mr. Pemberton-Billing having been a man of many interests is no reason why he should not be an aviation expert. We have been many things in our time, but that does not make us any less capable an editor—does it?

A. B. (Worcester).—We would not say "If I was you," if we were you.

"MACK" (The Market, Woolwich).—Take it from you Alnwick *is* the capital of Northumberland, since 1400. Previous to that the capital was Newcastle-upon-Tyne, but Newcastle-upon-Tyne became an independent town and county in 1400. We do not remember the circumstance, but accept your word for it.

TRPR. G. L. S. (Egypt. Ex. Fce.).—No objection to the *Times of Egypt* bodily lifting our paragraph about 'Bligh y,' but it would have been courteous to acknowledge whence they cribbed it.

W. G. (Delaware, Ont.).—"What should be done to a Presbyterian minister who says a wagon has as much need of a fifth wheel as Canada has of a Governor-General?" He should be sentenced to read nothing but his own sermons for seven years.

"KA RA" (Cardiff).—Glad to find you a little less incoherent this time. Thanks for belated birthday wishes. Shall look out for your thesis on the theme "Wanted, a New God." Meantime, ta-ta, Ka Ra.

A. B. (Wanstead).—Afraid you could not have much of a holiday on the strength of one penny dated 1864, or of any other old date. One penny does not go far, unless you take it with you.

"ARGUMENT" (Coggeshall).—Ask the first kilted soldier you meet, and thus get first-hand authority.

PTE. W. S. (East Greenwich).—If a coal merchant refused to sell us coals without coke, we should politely recommend him to go and eat some of the last.

E. B. E. (Cheltenham).—The Cotswolds breed other things besides sheep—men and thoughts. We like your old smock-frock's opinion of the Germhuns: "They be the scum o' the earth, and, like all scum, they wants to be on top. But that'll never do." Never!

N.Y.Z. (Forest Gate) and MANY OTHERS.—There is, we believe, no truth whatever in the rumour as to the engagement of the daughter of a well-known politician to one of the Donington Hall prisoners.

F. M. (Oxford).—Yes, it is quite correct. Mr. A. H. Westwood has now joined the Colours, but we understand that his business is being carried on just the same.

A. D. S., JR. (Can. Battn., B.E.F.).—You object to our remarks about a black man burned by lynch law in Texas, and tell us we "don't understand." We quoted an American paper: the original protest came from the States. If you approve of a mob of 15,000 strong burning a "nigger," we do not. You warn us, "not to refer to a nigger as a 'brother' in Texas." Yet the motto "Am I not man and a brother?" is very nearly part of the American Constitution—not that we love niggers ourselves!

"NEWRY SINN FEINER."—Don't "Dear Editor" us. Address your correspondence to one of your traitorous Irish rags (if any has been permitted to survive), not to a patriotic publication like JOHN BULL.

B. P. (Worthing).—While we always welcome wedding breakfasts, we know little about their preparation. Advice on such subjects, however, can be obtained by writing to the Editor of our companion paper, *Everywoman's*.

A. R.—aged 10—(Leyton) suggests that the reason why we have so many "conscientious objectors" is that their mothers fed them on Quaker Oats. "A. R.'s" mother must have fed him on vinegar, with a fork.

W. M. R. (Co. Antrim).—We quite appreciate the importance of storing up food supplies, in view of contingencies. But it takes a lot to move the Government.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

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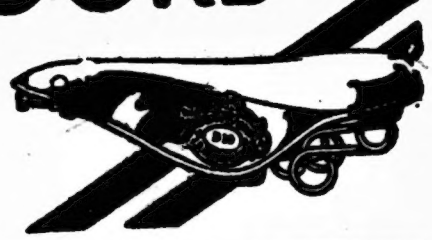

THE DEAF CAN HEAR

tales of heroism from the lips of their loved ones by the aid of a

STOLS ELECTROPHONE

—the wonderful little instrument that magnifies sound and restores the faculty of hearing. Thousands now bless this remarkable invention. Let us send you one on a 15 days' trial.

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Miss E. Alexander, 41, Cranbrook Park, Wood Green, N., writes: "I had a very inflammatory eruption on my forehead, which gradually spread over my face and neck. After other treatments had failed I heard, through a friend, of the wonderful cures effected by DOMIGO *in blood and skin troubles. Your advice and your treatment produced wonderful improvement in a few days. The eruptions gradually disappeared and I recovered without a trace of the unsightly complaint. Please accept my grateful thanks for your most effectual cure."*

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Domigo Tablets, 5/- per box; Ointment, 2/3; Skin soap, 9d. per tablet, at Boots', or Direct Post Free.

"BULLETS" HOLIDAY PRIZES!

2ND Prize £25

FIRST PRIZE £250

3RD Prize £10

10 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5

25 PRIZES OF 10/-

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6

2,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES

2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

10 WEEK-END PRIZES OF £2:10/-

☛ Two more Coupons for this week's Competition will be found on the opposite page.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, July 6th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(195) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed _____

Address _____

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 195. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, July 6th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(195) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed _____

Address _____

If two Coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 196. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, JULY 13th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **196** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" No. **196**, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons must **NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 196.

THE UNSEEN HAND	WHAT THE NEIGHBOURS THINK	WHAT TOMMY DISLIKES	KISSING THE MAID
AMAZING	A CHEAP HOLIDAY	GERMAN WAITERS	AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER
THE BIG PUSH	WITHOUT CONSCIENCE	IN WRONG PLACE	IN THE LIMELIGHT
SEASIDE COUPLES	A DARING PERFORMANCE	FORBIDDEN FRUIT	FAMILY MATTERS
ON THE SPREE	SETTLING TROUBLE	THE LION'S SHARE	AFTER THE KAISER

BULLETS RULES 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 195.

THE AUSTRIAN ARMY
A BITTER FAILURE
EXEMPTED
ADMIRAL JELLICOE
A REAL VICTORY
COMING FAST
FILLING THE GAPS
WHEN IT WAS DARK
A GREAT TRIAL
ASKING TOO MUCH
TURKISH BATH
PRICE OF MEAT
THE RIGHT SORT
WINNING
GETTING THINNER
AFTER THE PARTY
MY WIFE'S TONGUE
MAKING SAUSAGES
WATCHING THE BATHERS
A CLOSE RACE
RUNNING SHORT
BEFORE THE WAR
LADY DETECTIVE
MAKES FATHER GRUMBLE
SHABBY TREATMENT
TAKING IN LODGERS
TRYING IT ON
AMATEUR ACTORS
A WET NIGHT
GERMANY'S PEACE TALK

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will guide you:—

Example:—
SHABBY TREATMENT.
Bullet:—
FROM FRIENDS WHEN SHORT.
Example:—
MAKES FATHER GRUMBLE
Bullet:—
TOO MUCH WORK.
Example:—
RUNNING SHORT.
Bullet:—
GERMANY'S RESERVES.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated July 22nd.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in "EVERYWOMAN'S," dated July 1st.

Result of "Bullets" £1,000 Birthday Offer

(Competition No. 193) will appear in next week's issue.

YOU MAY USE THESE EXTRA COUPONS.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, July 6th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(195) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

If all four coupons are used, P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, July 6th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(195) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets No. 195," "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.

OVER 750,000 DELIGHTED READERS

In all parts of the World have received their

"JOHN BULL" PENS

You can get YOURS this week by using the coupon on page 22.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our insurance is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (*a*) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

July 1st, 1916 .....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you *must* fill in clause (*a*) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day (*Strike out one of these.*) July 1st, 1916.

(*a*) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with .....

Newsagent of .....

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

——OR——

(*b*) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death :—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

.....

To the man in the moon your attention we invoke,
Enjoying Chairman Juniors—his favourite little smoke;
He deserves a whiff to-night,
For his cheery beams of light
Put the Zeppelins to flight at a stroke.

If you will just analyse your reasons for liking a particular cigarette you will find that it has at least these properties—coolness, a definite and pleasing flavour, and an attractive aroma. Because of these recognisable and positive qualities Chairman Juniors will suit you, as they possess them to a very pleasing extent. And also they neither burn the tongue nor irritate the throat, as they are really good—they are the original Chairman Cigarettes made a little smaller that they may be sold by tobacconists everywhere at

3d. for 10.

There are no pictures or coupons with Chairman Juniors, all the value being in the cigarettes. . . . They are made and guaranteed in every particular by

R. J. LEA, Ltd., Manchester.

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